



CHINA MAIL



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THE HARMONY COMPANY
IN ACTION THROUGH
Whiteaways
HONGKONG & KOWLOON

No. 37015

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1958.

Price 30 Cents

COMMENT OF THE DAY

BUDGET DEBATE

THE Legislative Council on Wednesday passed the Colony's Budget into law after a prolonged debate. A record deficit has been budgeted for by the Financial Secretary, the Hon. A. G. Clarke, but he does not anticipate that we will be down to the tune of over \$90 million.

Mr Clarke, when the Budget was first introduced, appeared to be in a happy mood, even though at first sight his anticipated deficit was a large one.

The community will, of course, watch the monthly published figures and hope for the best and there is no reason to doubt Mr Clarke's optimism at this stage.

The Official Members of the Council ably dealt with the many and varied questions put to them by the "Un-officials" and while some answers might appear to be unsatisfactory to those who posed the questions the Officials are to be congratulated on their assiduity.

The water problem has been the cause for some alarm and it is therefore heartening to read that Government is leaving no stone unturned in its search for other storage places and is exploring the possibilities of using ultra-modern methods to alleviate the shortage.

Atomic Power

THE Director of Public Works, the Hon. A. Inglis, has said that there should not be too much alarm and despondency in this matter and he has even gone to the length of exploring the use of atomic power for converting sea water into fresh water.

The use of atomic power may be a long way off but that Government is not omitting such a source from its investigations is sufficient proof that it is taking a very long-sighted view of the Colony's needs.

Should the Shek Pik experiments prove successful it will be a great relief, but the most interesting prospects lie in the search for suitable sea inlets which might be converted into fresh water lakes.

If, as Mr Inglis suggests, one such project should prove feasible the Colony could have more than three times its present storage then investigations must be expedited in this direction.

MR K DISTORTS US ATTITUDE

Summit Meeting And Suspension Of H-Bomb Tests

Washington, Apr. 4.

The State Department charged today that Soviet Premier Nikita Khrushchev in a Budapest speech tried to "distort" the American attitude toward a summit meeting and suspension of H-bomb tests.

The Department said the Communist leader picked a poor place to make a statement calling for "goodwill."

Department spokesman Lincoln White, in the course of a lengthy statement, said, "It is perhaps significant that Mr Khrushchev's statement was made in Budapest, the capital of Hungary, where the USSR demonstrated its goodwill by the slaughter of the Hungarian people, little more than a year ago, who sought only to lift from their backs the yoke of a foreign-imposed domination."

Khrushchev was reported to have said in a Budapest speech that the United States and Britain should follow the Soviet Union's example and suspend testing of nuclear weapons, and also to have declared that the Kremlin was prepared to have international supervision of such suspension.

Consignment Of Gold Missing

Paris, Apr. 4.

An 88-lb consignment of gold worth about £16,000 sterling disappeared en route from Paris to Teheran this week, police at Orly Airport said here today.

The gold was loaded on a Super-Constellation aircraft of Air France on Tuesday. It was destined for the Teheran office of the American Joint Distribution Committee, a private American welfare organization for needy Jews throughout the world.

The plane stopped at Athens and Tel Aviv. The gold had disappeared when the plane arrived at Teheran.—Reuter.

Dutch Reds Suspended

Amsterdam, Apr. 4.

The Dutch Communist Party has suspended its Chairman and three other Party members—all MPs—after its General Secretary accused them of forming a "rightist" group aiming to impose a "bourgeois and re-formalist" policy.

The announcement today brings to a head disagreement in the Party ranks over the Soviet crushing of the Hungarian revolt and over the Party's influence in the Dutch Unity Trade Union (EVC).—Reuter.

Private Plane Crashes

Naples, Apr. 4.

A private plane on a flight from Lisbon to Naples crashed into a hill tonight as it was approaching Capodichino Airport for a landing.

An Airport spokesman said he said no idea of how big the plane was or how many persons were aboard.

The plane crashed three miles west of the field. The plane bore the registration letters "AA-88".

The "AA-88" registration indicated it was registered in Lisbon, airport authorities said the plane apparently was one which took off earlier today en route to Colombo, Ceylon.

Source identified the pilot as Claude W. Palmer, 48, an American.

Palmer's wife, Maureen Vivian Palmer, 43, and technician Jack Archie Paul, 31, also were reported aboard.

The plane was believed to have started its flight in Wichita, Kansas.—United Press.

Cyclone Batters Australian Town

Sydney, Apr. 4.

Torrential rains tonight swelled the floods which have cut off the cyclone-battered Queensland township of Bowen from the outer world.

The Weather Bureau said the rains were expected to last at least till tomorrow.

Bowen, where more than 1,000 homes were partly or wholly wrecked by a cyclone on Wednesday, has only three days' ration of food left.

At least one person was killed and hundreds made homeless by the cyclone, according to official figures.

The new rains were hampering a small army of workmen who started clearing up the debris earlier today.—United Press.

Terrorists Active In Cyprus

Nicosia, Apr. 4.

Cyprus terrorists bombed and destroyed the water pumping engine at a pumping station supplying a British Army camp near Loxias, five miles south of Nicosia, during the night. It was officially announced today.

Yesterday three large bombs exploded in the water pumping equipment at a government agricultural station at Dettara, eight miles south of Nicosia, damaging equipment and starting a fire.—Reuter.

TWO GANGS WIPED OUT IN MALAYA

Kuala Lumpur, Apr. 4.

Ten Communist terrorists have surrendered to security forces in the Federation during the last two days, it was officially announced here today.

Indonesian Govt Troops Advancing

Singapore, Apr. 4.

The loyalist Medan radio said tonight Indonesian Government forces advancing into rebel West Sumatra had crossed the Indragiri River.

For the past four days the Indragiri has held up Government troops attacking the rebels from the northeast.

The radio said the crossing was accomplished with the aid of artillery fire and air support. The rebels had withdrawn after some light fighting, the radio said.

SHIPS FREED

Meanwhile four KPM ships arrived in Singapore today from Pontianak, Borneo.

They had been detained since the "regala West Irian" campaign in Indonesia last December.

The Indonesian Government announced the release of all KPM ships last month. Six have now arrived in Singapore, and there are 29 more to come.—Reuter.

Appointment For Admiral

London, Apr. 4.

Rear Admiral R. A. Ewing, 49, Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, has been appointed Flag Officer Flotillas (Mediterranean), it was announced today.

Admiral Ewing, who took part in Commando raids in Norway and served on the North Russian convoys during World War II, spent three post-war years in Washington on the planning staff of the Nato Standing Group.—Reuter.

Nude Body Of Girl Found In Car

Los Angeles, Apr. 4.

The nude body of a 15-year-old girl, Phyllis Melton, was found today by the police in a car near the San Fernando Valley.

Shortly afterwards, a Los Angeles teenager, Gary John Johansson, telephoned the

police to say: "I have killed a girl and left her in a car." Johansson waited for the police to pick him up and told them that he "blacked out" and could not remember anything that happened between the time he left a cinema theatre with the girl and the murder.—France-Press.

Best Tips For Today's Valley Races

By "Rapier" RACE 1

Lucky Chap
Diamond Lil
Tamerlane
Outsider:—High Noon.

RACE 2

Marine Charger
Pearl of Hongkong
Matador
Outsider:—Strathgiffer.

RACE 3

So Big
Orange Beauty
Every Day
Outsider:—Easy Money.

RACE 4

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 5

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 6

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 7

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 8

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 9

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 10

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 11

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 12

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 13

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 14

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 15

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 16

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 17

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 18

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 19

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 20

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 21

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 22

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 23

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 24

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 25

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 26

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 27

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 28

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 29

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 30

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 31

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 32

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 33

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 34

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 35

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 36

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 37

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 38

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 39

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 40

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 41

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 42

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 43

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 44

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 45

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 46

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 47

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 48

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 49

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 50

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 51

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 52

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 53

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 54

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 55

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 56

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 57

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 58

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 59

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 60

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 61

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 62

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 63

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 64

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 65

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 66

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 67

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 68

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 69

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 70

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 71

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 72

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 73

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 74

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

RACE 75

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

RACE 76

Not So Bad
Tell-me-more
Blondie
Outsider:—Hiawatha.

RACE 77

Grand Moment
King's Parchment
Courageous
Outsider:—Vanly Fair.

RACE 78

Lynner
Brilliance
Na Pua
Outsider:—Nashua.

RACE 79

Golden Gypsy
Norse Prince
Outsider:—Lucky Number.

RACE 80

Jemima P.
Don Juan
King Kong
Outsider:—Bashful Beauty II.

RACE 81

Winnio
Amethyst
Empire Rose
Outsider:—Violet Ray.

RACE 82

Old Tyre
Templeton
Shilleagh
Outsider:—Helicon.

RACE 83

Perfectibility
Gay Sire
Kerrera
Outsider:—Fel Chl.

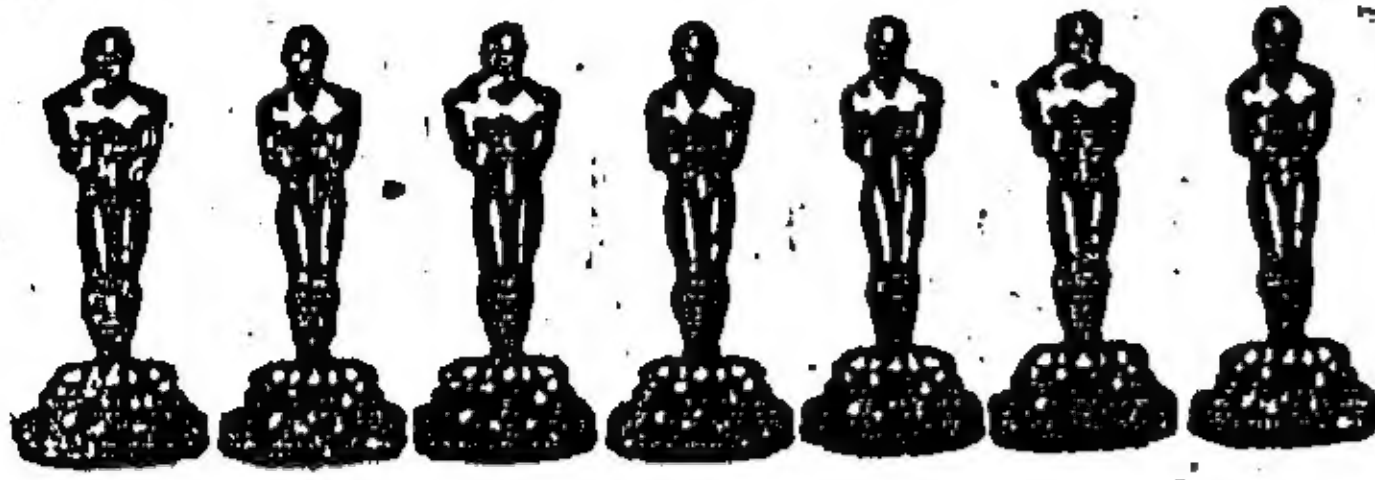
RACE 84

Roman Hero
Bluegrass
Norse Girl
Outsider:—Dutch Rocket.

KING'S PRINCESS

At 2.15, 5.30 & 9.00 p.m. || At 2.30, 6.00 & 9.15 p.m.

3 SHOWS DAILY



WINNER OF 7 ACADEMY AWARDS

BEST PICTURE OF 1957



The Bridge on the River Kwai

with Bessie Hatakawa, James Donald, André Moret, Peter Williams, John Bury
First feature: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957) Directed by David Lean
Produced by E. J. Arncliffe
CINEMASCOPE Technicolor

(This picture will not be shown again in H.K. in 1958)

Please note special admission prices:

Logo & Dress Circle: \$4.70, Back Stalls: \$3.50,

Front Stalls: \$2.40

(Complimentary tickets are not valid)

SPECIAL HOLIDAY MORNING SHOW

KING'S
To-day At 12.00 Noon
Cecil B. DeMille's
"KING OF KINGS"

To-morrow At 12.00 Noon
Cecil B. DeMille's
"KING OF KINGS"

Apr. 7 At 12.00 Noon
Cecil B. DeMille's
"KING OF KINGS"

PRINCESS
To-day At 12.30 p.m.
Hank's "THE HUNCHBACK
OF NOTRE DAME"

To-morrow At 11.00 a.m.
M-G-M. TECH. CARTOONS
& Free 7-UP drinks
12.30 "TEA & SYMPATHY"

Apr. 7 At 12.30 p.m.
Chinese Film
"THE THREE SISTERS"

All at Reduced Prices: \$1.00, \$1.50

AIR-CONDITIONED STAR METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

Please note change of times:
At 2.30, 5.10, 7.30 & 9.40 P.M.

STAR: To-day & To-morrow Extra Performance of
"LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON" At 12.15 p.m.

Some people fall in love at first sight...
—but nobody
in Paris
can wait
that long!



**GARY
COOPER
AUDREY
HEPBURN
MAURICE
CHEVALIER**

Produced and Directed by
BILLY WILDER

**LOVE
IN
THE
AFTERNOON**

STAR: To-morrow Special Morning Show At 11.00 a.m.
M.G.M. TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
— At Reduced Prices —

METROPOLE: To-morrow Special Morning Show
At 11.00 a.m., Fox Technicolor Cartoons
At 12.15 p.m. EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF
"LOVE IN THE AFTERNOON"
(At Usual Prices)

METROPOLE: Special Morning Show on Mon., 7th Apr.
At 12.30 p.m. "RHAPSODY"
Starring: Elizabeth TAYLOR
An M.G.M. Picture in TECHNICOLOR
— At Reduced Prices —

FILMS CURRENT & COMING by ANTHONY FULLER

EVERYTHING I can say for something that is taught in no school of drama. It is the business of life, and the everlasting challenge of fortitude.

You can't have anything better than the best and that's all there is to it—with seven Oscars to prove it.

Now take David Lean who swept the honours awarded the best director, and give him a script like "The Bridge on the River Kwai." The result: You are probably seeing the motion picture of the century.

I'm going to chance my opinion: I think many of you will come out of the King's or Princess and say: "That is the finest film I have ever seen in my life."

The incident itself, the building of a wooden bridge spanning a smelly river gorge in a festering Siam jungle, has been lifted out of the whole world of war, and is now an epic of man's folly, heroism, abiding courage and everlasting endurance—even at the mouth of hell.

Rarely do actors simultaneously rise to such heights, but the

whole problem of the film calls for something that is taught in no school of drama. It is the business of life, and the everlasting challenge of fortitude.

It is obvious that Alec Guinness as Colonel Nicholson, Sessue Hayakawa as the Japanese Commandant, William Holden as the tough, sardonic, courageous American, Jack Hawkins as the Cambridge Don turned Commandant, James Donald as the army M.O., and David Lean who directs the film, have caught with white-hot intensity—the meaning of the film theme.

I could pile superlative upon superlative, but to what purpose? The whole world has declared this film great, and if there occurs a touch of pride because it is an English film, surely that is natural.

Yet in so saying, I must not forget that it comes from a happy collaboration of American sponsorship of British professional skill. That is how it should be, and when such happy unions produce great films of this kind, I am all for it.

This Columbia Horizon British Production is filmed in Cinemascope and Technicolor.

WITHOUT intention, Hongkong has opened up a Film Festival season. Every big company has put on its showpiece, so everyone should be delighted—film fans, distributors, and exhibitors, and by no means

last nor least, the box-office boys.

The Lee and Astor re-enter the film arena with "Sayonara," a kind of modern "Madam Butterfly."

There are two ways of looking at this film, and as you would prefer to know what kind of film it is, I will leave out any personal comment until the end of this review.

Joshua Logan, who directs this film takes it through an over-emotional plot that will keep the least sensitive member of the audience gulping in sympathy. At times the picture slips to moments of rare beauty. I have in mind the scene when the young lovers, crushed between the twin juggernauts of race prejudice and inflexible bureaucracy, decide to find a way out.

The camera holds a long shot of the lovers, shown through a mist of pastel pink net curtains. They are locked in each other's arms in death. Now I saw this film early in the morning, and surrounded by hard-bitten film executives, who cry only when one of their film doesn't gross a record.

I state this as a fact. They took out their handkerchiefs and sobbed like children, and I admit that I joined them.

Marlon Brando, as a jet fighter ace relieved from combat duty in Korea, covered in medals and a purple heart, gives a beautifully controlled performance of a man whose narrow-minded approach to racial problems surrenders to the exquisite beauty of a cherry blossom day.

DEVASTATING

If it were left to me, the rewards this film earned would go to Red Buttons. I know he earned the "Best Supporting Actor" along with Miyoshi Umeki, but I feel he did even better than that. Mike Taka as the leader of the Matabayashi dancers appears with that remote beauty that the Occidental male finds so devastating.

Patricia Owens, as Brando's fiancée, playing away from home as it were, does not get a look in. Charming as she is, in this exotic cherry blossom idyll, her Occidental charm is clumsy in this so fragile setting.

The film is fashioned, and I would say, the book written, in the first fine flush of romance that besets the Westerner when he first merges with the East.

The film poses more problems than it answers: it has Brando say: "All that matters is I love you." I believe that, I personally think that is all that matters, but I hope to realize that society, both East and West will not permit this. In time, yes; it must, or we shall perish before racial hatreds.

NEW FILMS AT A GLANCE

SHOWING

KING'S & PRINCESS: "The Bridge on the River Kwai." The whole world has paid homage to this film. It has swept the board clean of awards. It is Great Britain's pride of it. A Columbia British Horizon CinemaScope and Technicolor production. Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, with Sessue Hayakawa and James Donald.

LEE & ASTOR: "Sayonara." The emotional drama of mixed marriages, sentimental treatment; exquisite photography; ravishing beauty; sensitive direction. Marlon Brando, Miyoshi Umeki, and Patricia Owens.

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Merry Andrew." A bright, funny, colorful peroration from schoolroom to

circus. Catchy songs; new songs; fresh stunts; Paul Gallico script. The ideal holiday picture to match your holiday mood. Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli, Noel Purcell, Robert Coote, and Baccaloni.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Love in the Afternoon." Gary Cooper, Audrey Hepburn, and Maurice Chevalier. Anything can happen in Paris on an April afternoon.

QUEEN'S: "Scarlet Doll." A film which illustrates an important advance in Chinese film production. English sub-titles; a tale of the old War Lords; enchanting scenes; graceful acting; Lin Dai, Wang Yin, Chang Yang.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "A Farewell to Arms." A new film version of Hemingway's classic. Rock Hudson, Jennifer Jones and Vittorio De Sica.

COMING

The King's & Princess, Lee & Astor, Hooper & Liberty, Roxy & Broadway are all expecting long runs. The following films are scheduled for screening at some future date.

KING'S & PRINCESS: "High Flight." Ray Milland and The Royal Air Force team up to make the most thrilling presentation of a man's story, superb photography, complex emotional situations. See climax.

CINEMASCOPE: "The Last Days of Pompeii." A magnificent Technicolor production by Mario Mattioli.

LEE & ASTOR: "The Belshazzar Ball." With Eleanor in the Corvet Gordon Royal Command Performance.

HOOPER & LIBERTY: "Rainbow, County." Made by MGM and filmed by the new Camera 65. A greater than "Dance With a Wolf." Superb in the only word. Elizabeth Taylor, Nigel Patrick, Montgomery Clift, Eva Marie Saint, and Lee Marvin.

STAR & METROPOLE: "Man of the Year." The story of Lon Chaney, James Cagney, Dorothy Malone, and Jane Greer.

ROXY & BROADWAY: "The Long Hot Summer." Jerry Wald's production of William Faulkner's stories of the South. Romance, sex, and drama, along with Paul Newman and Joanne Woodward.

QUEEN'S

AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

SHOWING TO-DAY FIRST SHOWING IN HONGKONG

A MILLION-DOLLAR PRODUCTION!

ENTIRELY FILMED IN JAPAN

(Hong Kong's Entry to The Film Festival)



Starring
LIN DAI

(Winner of the Best Actress Award!)
Wido Screen — English Subtitles

MORNING SHOW AT 11.30 A.M.
★ TO-DAY & TO-MORROW ★
A "MUST" FOR THE FAMILY!

A VERY, VERY UNUSUAL Picture...

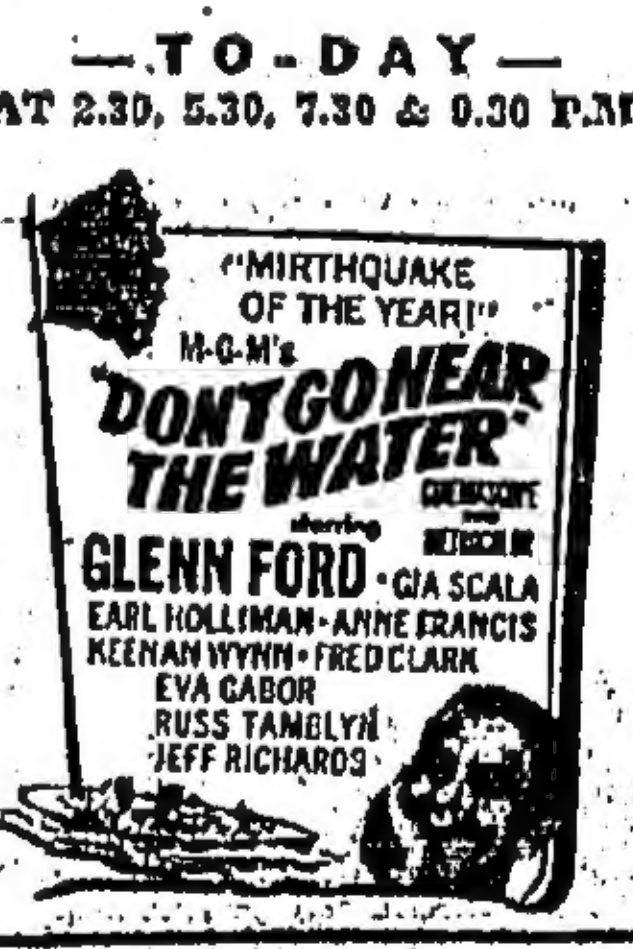


AT REDUCED PRICES

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

MORNING SHOW FOR HOLIDAYS
DAILY AT 12.30
To-day:
"DAVID & BATHSHEBA"

— TO-DAY —
At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



Now Showing the 9th Day!

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

20th Century-Fox Presents

Nothing Short To-morrow
"THE MAN IN THE GRAY FLANNEL SUIT"

At 12.30 p.m. "TOMBOLO"

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

At 12.30 p.m. "TOMBOLO"

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

At 12.30 p.m. "TOMBOLO"

At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

At 12.30 p.m. "TOMBOLO"

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At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

At 12.30 p.m. "TOMBOLO"

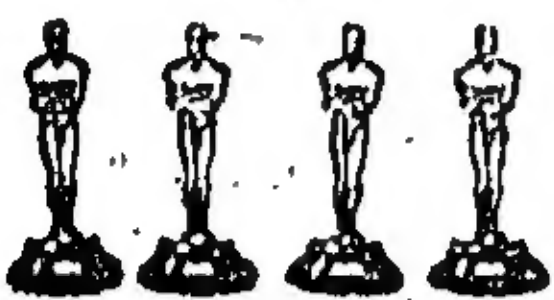
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

The Jinx On Rommel's Treasure

By LORD KILBRACKEN

THE jinx on the

Rommel's Treasure—
the sunken £10,000,000
loot of Rommel's Afrika
Korps — has claimed
another victim with the
sudden death in Nice of
debonair barrister M.
Charles Cancellieri.

Death and misfortune seem
to have dogged all those who
have tried to locate the treasure.
Cancellieri believed he held
the clue to the exact location
of the treasure. He told me
recently that he was in direct
touch with Peter Fleig, the only
living man to know it.

Fleig, a Czech sailor, is the
last survivor of the party of
renegade Nazis who dumped the
loot in the sea off Corsica in
1943.

Fleig has been sought by the
French police since he vanished
while under house arrest in



1949 after taking
part in a French
Government search
for the treasure.
Cancellieri told me he
found Fleig in
Corsica. He said
Fleig had a
note which had
the French search
by diving in
the wrong
place — because
he had been promised no share
of the treasure. Cancellieri
planned to dive for it this
summer under Fleig's direction.
Now, after a heart attack he
is dead — and no one else knows
where Fleig is.

The treasure consists of six
great crates of gold and silver,
gems and works of art looted by

the retreating
Afrika Korps
mainly from
wealthy Jewish
families in
North Africa.

In 1945 five
Afrika Korps
officers were
ordered to
move the trea-
sure to Berlin.
They dumped
it in shallow
water off Cor-
sica and de-
serted, planning
to return after the war to
share it among themselves.

They were captured by the
S.S. and shot at Massa, in Italy.
Two sailors with the party
were acquitted because they had
only obeyed orders. One was
Peter Fleig. The other was
killed in action within a year.

In 1948 Fleig tried to get
back secretly to Corsica to dive
for the treasure himself. The
French arrested him and he
admitted the whole story.
The French decided he was
telling the truth.

They financed a secret search
and forced Fleig to work for
them.
Nothing was found and it was
decided to continue the search
the next year. Early in 1949,
however, Fleig disappeared and
has never since been found by
the police.

The story of the treasure had
got around unofficially. In 1951
French business man Henri Hello
led a party of divers in the
yacht Starline.

But the Starline was badly
damaged in a collision and the
expedition was called off.
Next year Hello tried again,
this time aboard the English
vessel Romany Maid. But the
ship broke down before reaching
Corsica.

A Greek expedition and two
Italian expeditions which set
out for Corsica never even
reached the search area. Always
something went wrong.

PC MAY EVICT HIS CHIEF

London.
POLICE Constable 269
Charles Morrish settled
his helmet a little more
firmly on his head and
said: "I shall have to give
the Chief Constable
notice."

"It really is embarrassing, but
what else can I do?"
P.C. Morrish, standing outside
the police station at Exmouth,
was not talking about resigning
from the Devon County Police
Force which he joined 27 years
ago.

He was considering his posi-
tion as a LANDLORD with the
Chief Constable as his TENANT.
For a few years ago when his
father died P.C. Morrish inher-
ited a neat semi-detached house in
Lynette Road, Newton Abbot.

He immediately rented it to
the local authority to house a
policeman.

When a rent increase became
imminent last year the County
Council opened negotiations to
buy the house. P.C. Morrish
fixed his price at £2,000.

A cheek

The county's standing joint
committee had decided it was
worth only £1,700 and that they
were seeking another place.

Landlord Morrish bristled.
"What a cheek," he said. "It's a
jolly good house."

"Why," a builder told me it
was worth at least £2,100.

"All I've had out of it has
been about a quid a week."

"I reckon a fair rent now is
£2, but I want to sell the place
so that I can build a house of
my own ready for when I retire,
and I don't want to live in
Newton Abbot."

Was P.C. Morrish worried at
giving his Chief Constable
notice?

"Oh, no. I don't expect the
Chief will mind. Anyway, I've
nothing to lose. As I haven't
had promotion yet I think
they've passed me over. Any-
way, I've less than three years
for pension."

A NEW TWIST TO AN OLD TALE OF A SLEEPING BEAUTY

London.
THE Bedding Information Bureau came up with
a new twist to the old tale about sleeping
beauty.

Every woman could be a
beauty if she only did a little
more sleeping, the Bureau said.

In a booklet entitled "Sleep
and Beauty," the Bureau also
said beauty sleep could save
husbands' money.

Their wives could throw away
the "mysterious" collections of
jars, pots, and tubes of beauty
preparations that cost each
woman an average of £12 a
year.

Cure Sagittis

Sound sleep would cure what
the booklet called sagittis—sag-
ging cheeks, lined faces, weary
eyes and lack-lustre hair.

But the beauty sleep the
Bureau advised gets a little
more complicated than just hop-
ping into bed, counting two
hundred sheep and relapsing
into slumber.

The routine takes an hour
and should make a first class
athlete out of any woman inside
three months — a beautiful
athlete of course.

The Bureau said the prospe-
ctive beauty sleeper must first
relax in a warm bath.

After a brisk rub down the
face should be creamed, the
torso stretched and the feet
wiggled.

All-Over Massage

Follow that with a quick all-
over massage. (As the husband
will probably be the only one
available to give the massage
that should make him dead
tired too.)

Next, said the Bureau, the
hair must be brushed 100 times,
the nose blown and a warm
glass of milk and honey
swallowed.

Then, dive into bed and let
the mind take over.

If after all that you don't
sleep don't worry. The Bureau
said occasional sleep won't ruin
your looks — worrying about it
will. —United Press.

ALCOHOLICS UNANIMOUS!

London.
Sunday Dispatch
columnist, Marcus
Milne told the apocry-
phal story of a new
organisation called Al-
coholics Unanimous.

If you're a member
who wakes up in the
morning feeling you
don't want a drink,
Milne said, all you
have to do is call head-
quarters. The organiza-
tion sends someone
around to talk you into
it. —United Press.

Five Eloping Boys Are Suspended

London.
A CO-EDUCATIONAL
grammar school has
suspended five 15-year-
old boys for running away
to London with three
schoolgirls.

The boys, who are boarders
at Midhurst Grammar School,
Sussex, were missed on Sunday
night.

The girls, who all come from
the village of Cocking, two
miles away, left notes for their
parents.

Then they met at a secret
rendezvous and began a hitch-
hike to London.

Last week they explained:
"It was just a prank. We
wanted to see London."

Police began searching in
London after two of the boys
returned on Monday.

The other three boys and the
girls were found on Tuesday.

THIS PRANK

A member of the school staff
said: "The headmaster has re-
ported this prank to the
governors. They will have
to decide what action to take."

The boys' parents have been
told and the boys sent home.
The suspension is for the rest of
the term which ends next week.

The girls, Sylvia Weekes and
Margaret Tarron, both 15, and
Rosemary Evans, 12, attend
Midhurst Secondary Modern.
Their school is not taking any
action.

And the police said "It
was just an adventure. No
action will be taken."

Real sword from the father of
one of the girls. "We put it all
down to spring madness."

She Routed The Famous Life Guards

London.
EIGHTEEN - YEAR -
OLD Gillian Ben-
gough could make a
unique boast today. She
is the first person in
history to have routed
the famous British Life
Guards.

The smiling young girl sent a
detachment of the breast-plated
and beplumed mounted Guards
scattering in confusion on a sun-
lit morning in London's Hyde
Park.

The rout took place approxi-
mately enough on Rotten Row
— just five hundred yards from
the barracks of Britain's pre-
miere cavalry regiment, whose
mission is guarding the life of
the Sovereign.

ROTTEN ROW

Gillian was exercising — her
Irish thoroughbred Hack Jvmar
on the cinders of Rotten Row.
As she cantered along at a fast
clip the guards detachment rode
towards her.

The sun flitted on their highly
polished breast-plates and the
mild morning breeze ruffled the
plumes on their helmets.

A few minutes later Gillian
swung round the corner. Her
mare saw the breast-plates, the
plumes, and the high boots and
heard the jangle of swords and
spurs. It was too much for the
mare.

PANICKED

Jvmar panicked and reared
and plunged right through the
middle of the Life Guards ranks.
In a few seconds she destroyed
three hundred years of proud
tradition. The troopers broke
ranks in confusion.

Gillian and Jvmar plunged
through the broken ranks and
carried on down Rotten Row.

The remnants of the Guards
stopped cussing, reformed ranks
and rode on down Constitution
Hill with stiff upper lips bris-
ling. —United Press.

They Dug Holes In The Ground And Left

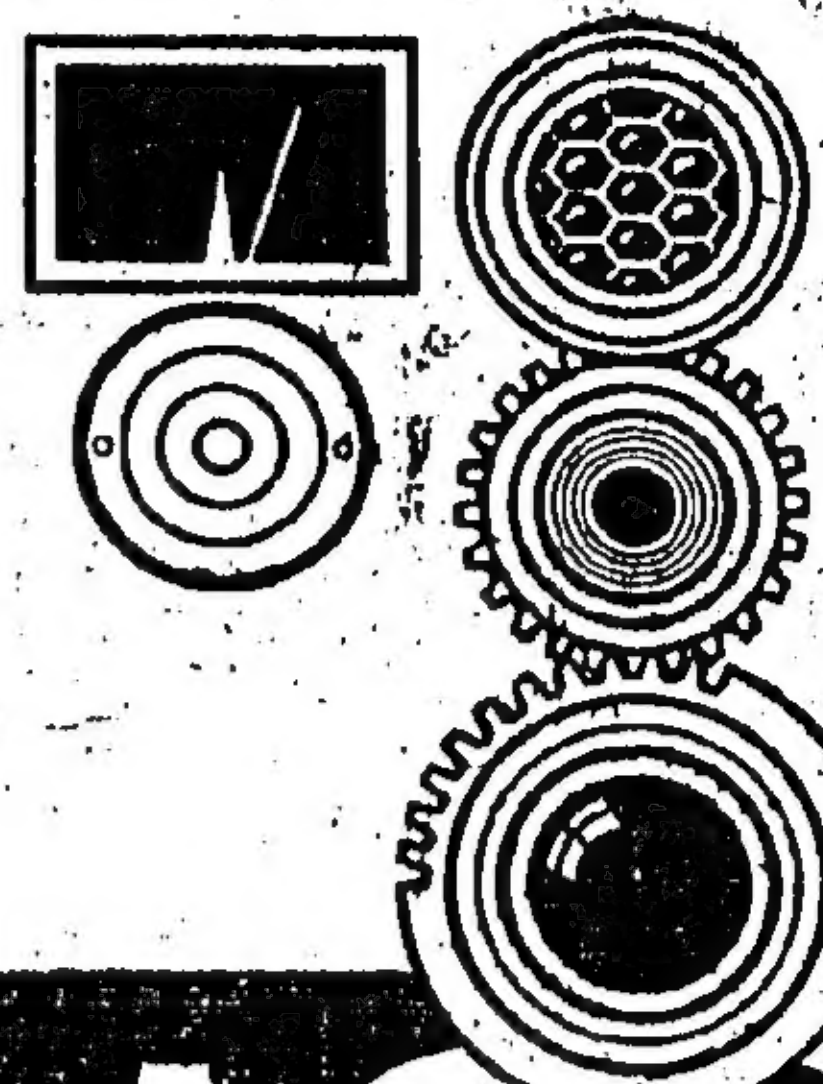
Naples.
A distinguished "oil com-
pany executive" vanished
from nearby Cava Dei
Tirroni, last week leaving
behind a disconsolate
hotel owner, 15 penniless
workers and lots of little
flags and holes in the
ground.

Police said the man, belatedly
identified as Sicilian confidence
trickster, Piero Raimo, 40, showed
up at Cava a few days ago
with 10 workers he had hired
to dig holes in the ground.

He introduced himself as an oil pro-
spector, and for days his unex-
pecting men dug holes here and
there and planted little flags.

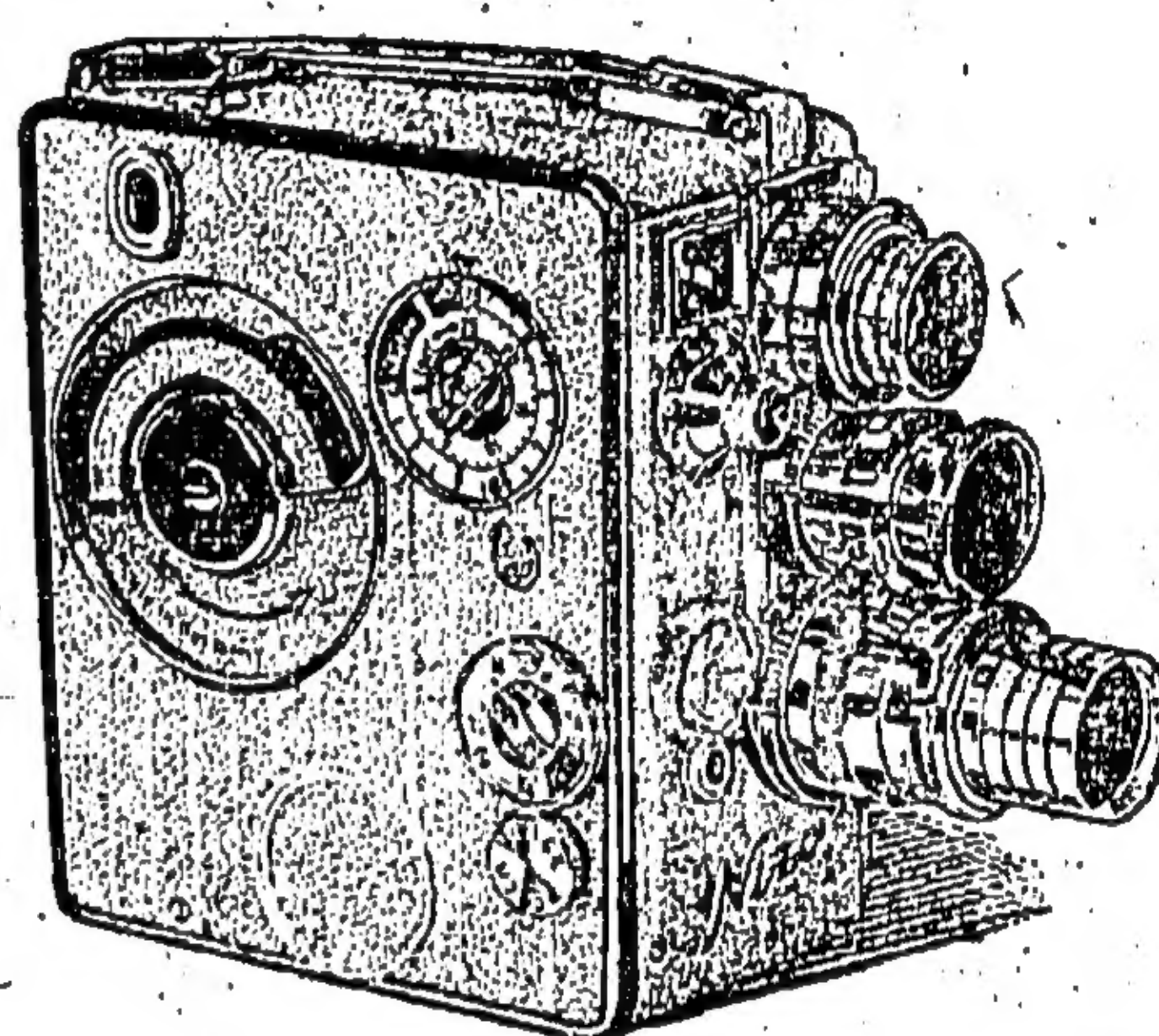
Then he disappeared
without paying his hotel bill,
and with him went a total
£20,000 lire (\$3,800) — the
workers had paid him as a "de-
posit." —United Press.

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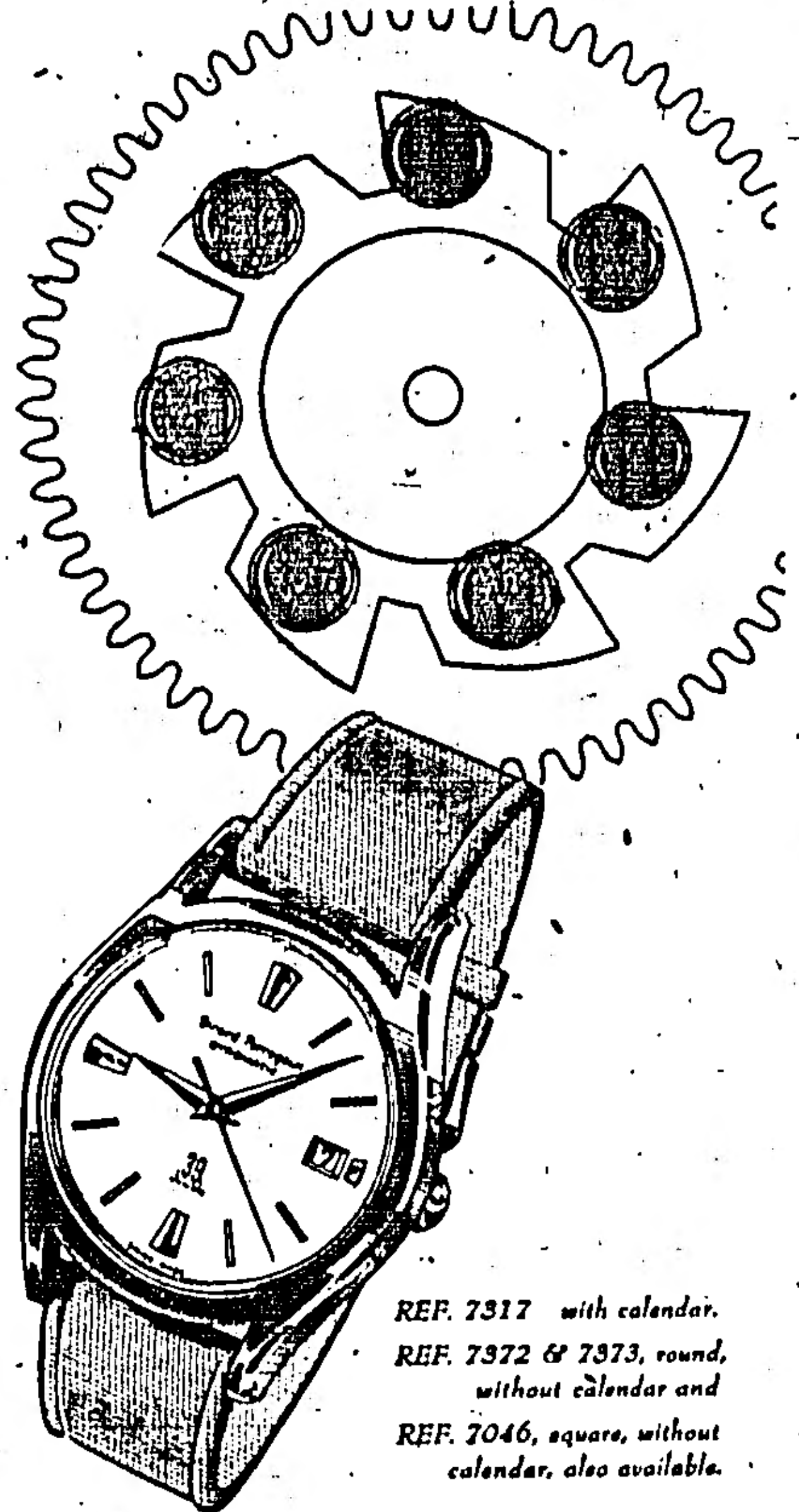
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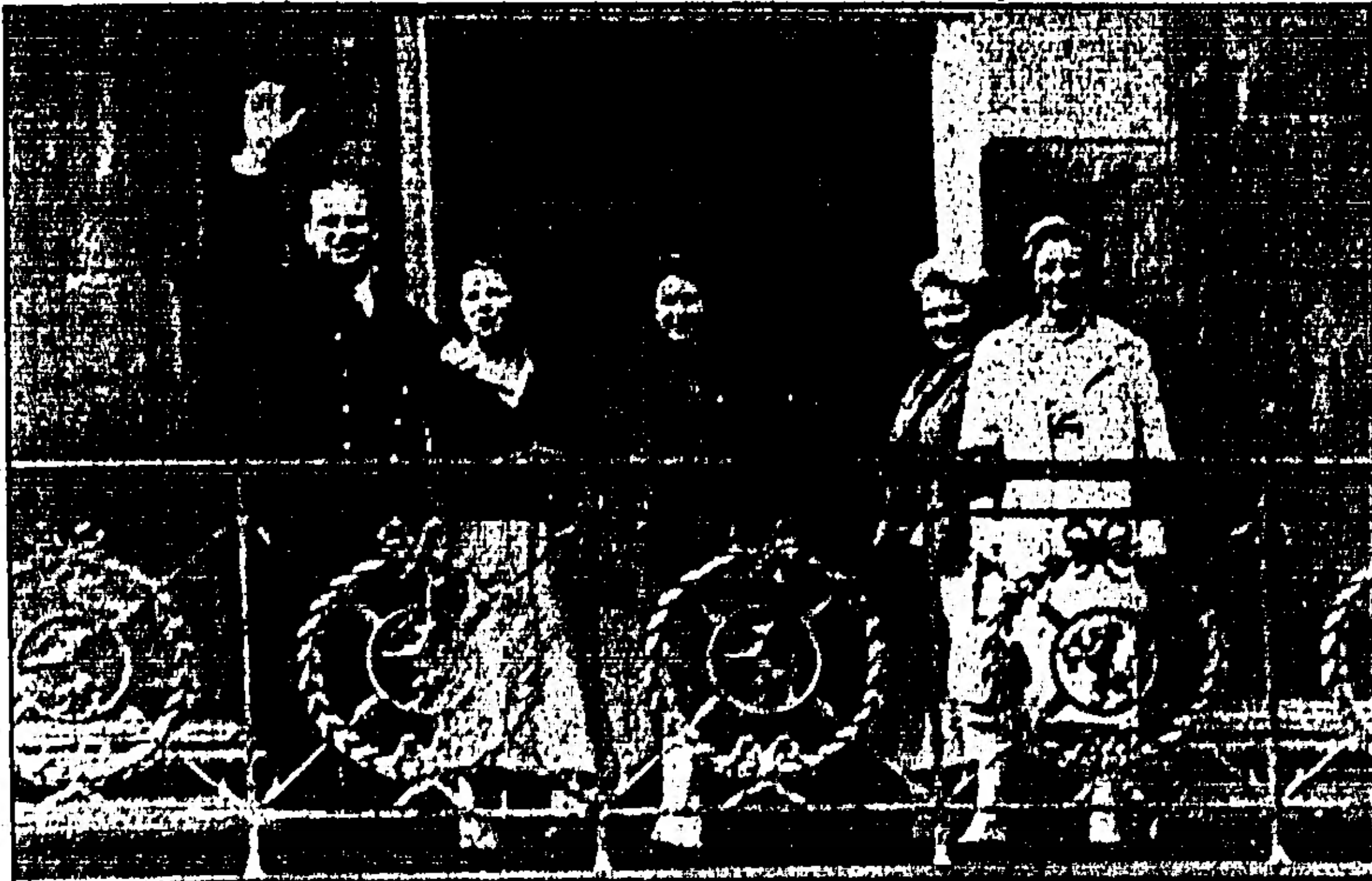
PICTO

The Royal Yacht Britannia moored in Amsterdam harbour and in Dam Square 40,000 people gathered to welcome England's Royal visitors.

RIGHT: The two Queens are seen riding on an inspection platform over a stretch of water at the hydraulics laboratory where scientists carry on Holland's fight against the sea.

Traffic stops and through a capital gay with bunting an open landau carries Queen Elizabeth, Queen Juliana, and Princess Irene.

RIGHT: From the left, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Beatrix, the Queen, Princess Irene, and Queen Juliana on the balcony of the Royal Palace in Amsterdam.



LEFT: The official Royal group picture taken to commemorate the British State visit to the Netherlands... the two Queens are seated. Standing are Prince Philip, Princess Beatrix, Princess Irene, and Prince Bernhard. During the Queen's visit to Holland Princess Margaret, now chief Lady of the land, takes a busy programme.

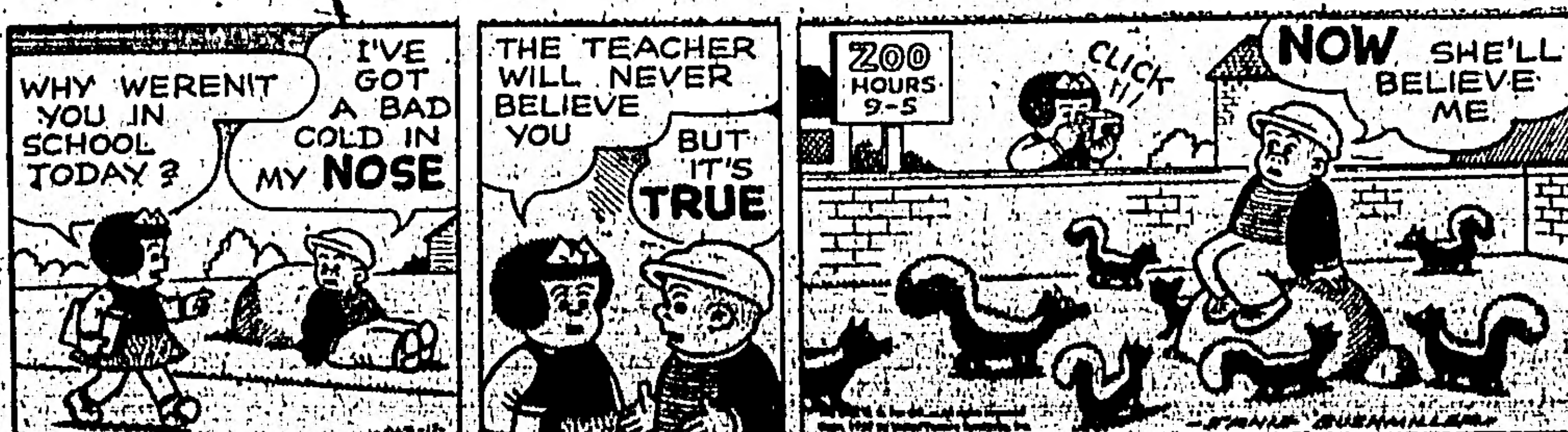
RIGHT: At the Victoria League students club, Princess Margaret talks to Lily New, a student who had just arrived from Hongkong.

BELOW LEFT: An unsmiling Peter Townsend leaving Clarence House after having tea with the Princess and the Queen Mother.



NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



News From Britain

ACTION NOW

THEY say the British lose every battle except the last.

Perhaps Britain's Conservative Party are drawing some consolation from this. For their own sakes, it would be better if they left aside consolation and sought positive, militant action.

For, with the defeat at Torrington by-election, they face a crisis which cries out for dynamic immediate action.

Torrington is their fourth by-election defeat since Mr Harold Macmillan succeeded to the premiership.

But this time the defeat is all the more stinging. For Torrington is a rural constituency, and it is a trilemma of British politics that the farms and the villages are strongholds of Conservatism.

It is significant, too, because the Torrington fight was between Conservative and Liberal, with the Labour candidate an also-ran from the start. And the pundits are saying that Torrington's swing to Liberalism is the signal for other rural constituencies in the West of England to do likewise when their turn comes.

Any really marked swing towards Liberalism in the country could spell electoral disaster for the Tories.

The Liberals could never win a General Election. But they could certainly lose it for the Tories.

Nor is it an domestic issue alone that the Tories stand in danger. Traditionally, foreign affairs play a minor role in British elections. But there is a growing feeling here that just because America drags its feet over the question of summit talks with the Russians that is no reason for Britain to do the same.

A General Election reached without a forthright, constructive gesture by the British Government in this direction, might well go hand in hand with Mr Macmillan's party.

HAIL, FAREWELL

A BOLD experiment has collapsed. In sterile, hopeless stonemasonry there ended the bid to make Malta a part of Britain. "Integration" was the word they used to describe it. And it seemed in its conception to be the one solution to the problem of Malta's future.

The problem was, and again is, that Malta is politically advanced and economically backward.

The Maltese do not want their island to remain a colony. And the British sympathise with them.

But independence is more than political. A sovereign state must also be economically independent. And Malta, rocky and overpopulated, is desperately poor.

Integration, it seemed, might be the answer. Malta would become part of Britain, as much so as Kent or Perthshire. It would be represented in Parliament, and the Maltese people would then become true citizens of the metropolitan country.

But the idea of integration brought its own problems. Prominent among these was the question whether and when the Maltese people could become the economic as well as the political, equals of the British.

Malta's Prime Minister, Mr Dom Mintoff, said that the Maltese would work towards this equality, but if by a specified time they had not reached it, then it should be given to them anyway.

The British could not stomach this.

And so for two years the wrangling went on, with growing truculence on the part of the Maltese premier and ever increasing coolness in Britain.

Throughout it all, Britain's Colonial Secretary, Mr Alan Lennox-Boyd, clung steadfastly to the idea of integration. Until the last, he protested that here was the only solution.

But it became plain that his championship was forlorn. And now under the pressure of increasingly extravagant demands by Premier Mintoff, integration talks in London collapsed with an air of finality.

Now the position is worse than it was two years ago when the integration idea was introduced. For now there is bitterness on both sides.

SMOKE RING

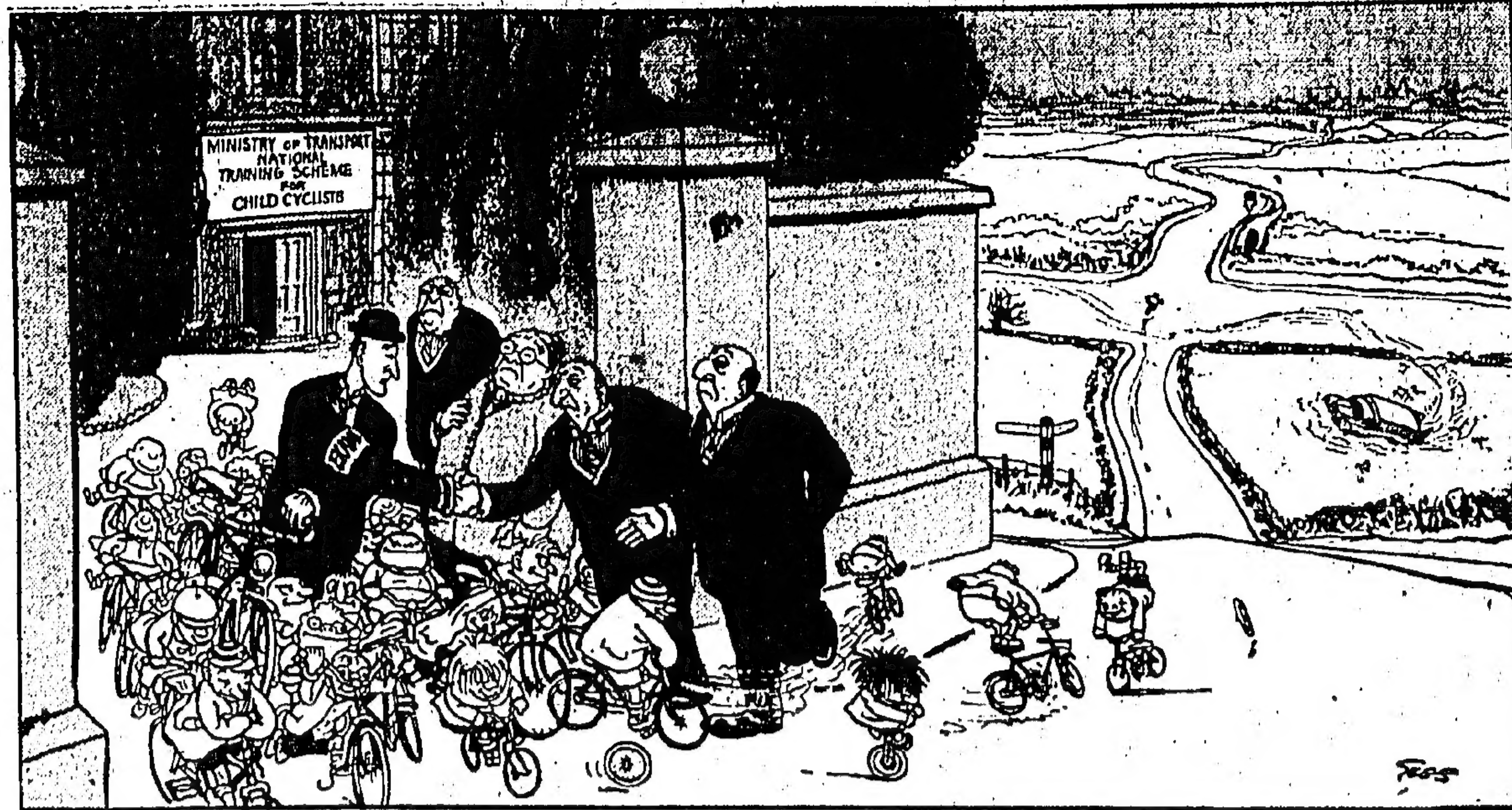
LONDON is to have a smokers' clinic run on much the same lines as Alcoholics Anonymous.

The organisers, the National Society of Non-Smokers, have already received 3,000 letters from addicts who want to break with the weed, but just don't have the will-power.

One husband wrote: "It's ruining my life and it's killing me." At the clinic, addicts will have the moral support of fellow-sufferers and the advice of doctors.

I can't see what's so difficult about giving up smoking. I've done it hundreds of times.

by Peter Burgoyne



"Goodbye, Mr. Frobsite. Goodbye, Mrs. Wols. Goodbye, Mr. Banks....."

FROM RAGS TO RICHES (AND BACK AGAIN): 6

by John Cottrell

One Talent Too Many

FEW of the men who have progressed from rags to riches, have been endowed with such remarkable talents as *Horatio William Bottomley*, son of a London journeyman tailor.

He was eloquent and shrewd, and a born leader of men. He was once tipped as a future Prime Minister. He showed tremendous ability as a lawyer, politician, journalist and businessman.

Yet today he is remembered not for these talents, but for another—of a very different kind. He has taken his place in history as one of the greatest and most successful swindlers of all time.

Bottomley started life with nothing and nobody behind him. Neither of his parents was able to support him, so he was sent to a charity school in Birmingham. His first job was as an office-boy.

Public Hero

But he went on to make millions, spend millions, and become a public hero.

He also went to jail, and ended his life as he began it—poor and friendless.

Horatio Bottomley was 14 when he left school in 1874. For a time he drifted in and out of a number of dead-end jobs; then he studied shorthand, and became official notetaker in the Law Courts.

By keeping his ears and eyes open in the three years he worked there, he learned enough legal and financial tricks to keep himself in luxury yet out of prison for most of his life.

In later years Bottomley, with no legal training, pitted wits and words—in his own defence—against the greatest lawyers the Crown could employ. And he confounded them all.

After Bottomley had won his first case, the judge was so impressed by his skill that he sent for him and advised him to become a barrister.

That was the case of the Handsard Union, a publishing business of which Bottomley was a director. He advised his co-directors to buy some companies for a mere £325,000, but omitted to tell them the companies had changed hands shortly before for £87,000 less.

The previous buyer was a clerk in Bottomley's office! Bottomley was charged with fraud. He conducted his own case, and after a month-long trial won a verdict of not guilty.

Lack of money never stopped Bottomley engaging in big financial deals. He used other people's money, and he was penniless, was

rate gambler but also because he loved horses, which he kept long after they had outlived their usefulness.

He backed stage shows with even less success than he backed horses. But if the musical comedies and plays made no money, they had their uses, providing Bottomley with a succession of girl friends whom he treated very generously.

Racing, women, entertaining and champagne—that's how Bottomley spent the millions which flowed through his hands.

Champagne And Kippers

Champagne was his life blood. He lunched on it, dined on it, even breakfasted on it—and kippers!

At race-meetings he would arrive with a case or two of champagne and corks popped all day long in his Pall Mall chambers, where many a difficult client was soothed by regular intakes of "bubbly".

Although Bottomley was a lavish spender, he did not love money for its own sake. He loved it for the power it bought.

He loved the power of his oratory which could sway a vast audience. He loved the power of his personal magnetism which could turn an enemy into a friend.

It was in quest of more power that he spent 20 years trying to get into Parliament, finally succeeding in 1900, when he was elected Liberal M.P. for South Hackney.

Within a few months Bottomley had opened up a new source of

power. He founded the popular magazine *John Bull*, which, under his direction, attained an enormous circulation.

On the front page he printed the slogan "Without fear or favour", having remembered it, perhaps, from the oath which juries took before they tried him.

Living up to his slogan, Bottomley attacked everything and everybody with a reckless disregard for libel laws. He became regarded as the champion of the "little man"—some one who did not shrink to criticize Authority.

The coming of the first world war gave Bottomley his biggest ever target—the whole German nation. John Bull believed that the only good German was a dead one.

Bottomley stamped the country drumming up popular sentiment, making recruiting speeches.

Ministers came to rely on his popularity; he was called on to address threatened strike meetings; at one time he thought he was about to be offered a Cabinet seat.

After the war, Bottomley, still riding high on the wave of patriotic fervour, started a Victory Bond Club. Citizens were offered a share in a Government bond for £1.

Nearly £900,000 poured into the club's coffers. Where it went afterwards was uncertain.

In 1921 he was prosecuted for fraudulent conversion. Many poor people whose savings had disappeared into his Bond Club gave evidence for the prosecution.

Bottomley was once again his own advocate. But this time he lost the case. He got seven years' penal servitude.

He emerged from prison in 1927, a broken man, forgotten by his friends and his darling public alike. He applied for an old-age pension and got it—£1 a week.

Bottomley spent his last years being cared for by one of his ex-mistresses in a small London flat, or shuffling dismally with a sheaf of impractical schemes around the newspaper offices of Fleet Street.

The man who had made millions died in hospital on May 27, 1933—a pauper.

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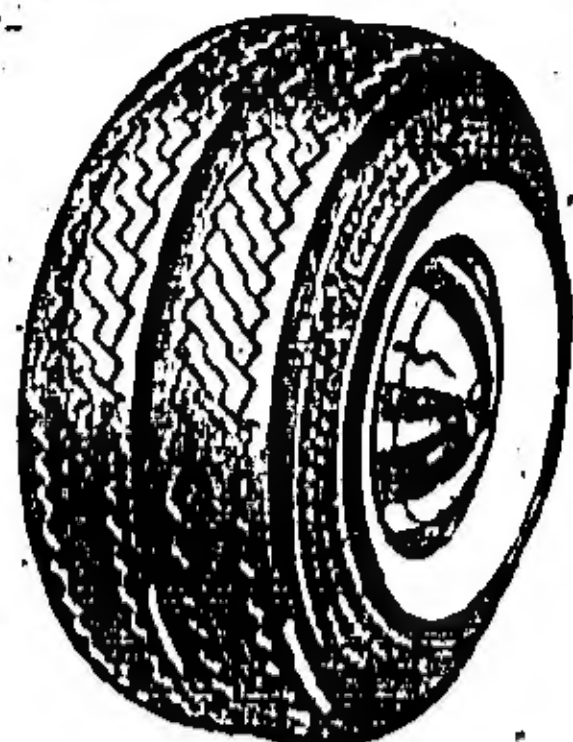
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Rommel's agents are captured in a houseboat on the Nile... but still the struggle goes on for the biggest prize of all

THE SPY KEEPS HIS GRIM PACT IN CAPTIVITY



John Eppler, Rommel's master spy in Cairo, knew his hideout was surrounded by British troops. But he would not be taken easily... and even in captivity he had a plan which would deny the British the thing they wanted above all...

JOHN EPPLER'S last bluff to escape capture almost succeeded. As the rifle butts of the British troops crashed against the door of the houseboat on the Nile, he gave his instructions to Sandy Monkaster, his radio operator. "I'll scare the guts out of them," he said. "Watch for it—and then nip below and open the cocks and let the water in. I'll try to get away."

"As for you," he looked significantly at Monkaster, who nodded tensely. "You know what to do. Don't forget. It's your duty for Germany."

Monkaster slid away on his belly towards the gangway and snaked his way below towards the bilge locker. To cover him, Eppler stood up and picked up the object nearest to him. And as the first British soldier came in he lifted his arm to throw.

"Look out! Duck. He's got a grenade," shouted an N.C.O. But what Major Sansom, leading the raiding party, actually got in his face was a pair of old socks.

As the soldiers flattened on the floor and covered their faces Eppler dashed for the hatch leading to the upper deck and opened it. He was confronted by a trooper pointing a rifle at him.

He reared for the deck and flung open a window, intending to dive through it into the Nile. He found a trooper, rifle at the ready, waiting for him.

One last chance. Up the gangplank and away, in the hope that the gathering crowd outside would shield him. But that hope faded too.

As he smashed through the door he groaned as a rifle barrel butted heavily into his kidneys.

"Up with your hands," said a mild little cockney sergeant. "And please don't try anything. I will have to shoot your middle to pieces!"

Eppler stopped, sighed, and turned towards Major Sansom, facing him with gun in hand.

"Hallo, Amr Bey," he said.

"Hallo, Gasser Effendi," said Major Sansom. It was in his disguise as an Egyptian Copt that Eppler had always known the British agent.

"Had enough? Then come along quietly, there's a good chap. This is the end of the road."

THEY KNEW IT

BUT, of course, it was not—and both Eppler and Sansom knew it.

For a spy, once captured, not only ceases to be useless to the enemy. He becomes a priceless asset against them—for he has many of their secrets locked inside his head. Here in our hands, Britain now had a weapon of war worth as much, if used

the right way, as a battalion of tanks.

There was still the call coming through from the Abwehr, the German spy organization, and still the need to find the code, still the need to discover what he was going to send, still the need to keep the circuit open... so that the British now, in this desperate moment in the battle for Egypt, could turn the tables and try a few tricks with the Germans.

They led Eppler ashore and into a van. They rounded up Monkaster.

They piled them into the back of the van and got ready to whisk them away to jail, where the interrogation officers were waiting—the officers whose job it would be to break them down and make them talk.

"Get the radio set ashore and check it," ordered Sansom to his men. "And search the boat with a toothbrush."

"With a fishing net," said one of his sergeants, gesturing towards the boat. "This is a job for frogmen."

Monkaster had done his job. The bottom of the houseboat had been opened and, smoothly, quickly, it was settling down on the muddy banks of the Nile, the all-important radio set already wallowing in the mire.

A British officer whom we shall call Cecil, because he is very much alive today, slapped him jovially across the shoulders. "Those jokers!" he said. "Such an unscrupulous lot. I can assure you, you'll find us all gentlemen here. Now tell us—"

He was interrupted by a scuffling from the next door.

Other officers had opened Monkaster's cell, and what they heard when they went inside were not words of defiance but horrible, choking sounds. And there was blood all over the floor.

"We tossed who should do it," said Eppler. "And he lost. You're not going to play us off one against the other."

Peter Monkaster, with the razor blade concealed in his clothes, had cut his wrists and throat. And as they rushed him away to hospital, Eppler was openly grinning.

There were 16 hours to go. The game of cat and mouse was beginning. But the mouse was far from being frightened, co-operative, or talkative yet. Now he was alone to face them. And alone, he felt, he could sweat it out until, for the British, it was too late.

Yet things were moving, and moving fast.

The pumps had been moved into the houseboat on the Nile and slowly she was being refloated. The search for papers was in progress. The radio set had been taken ashore and was being taken to pieces and dried out, its tuning meticulously checked by signals from G.H.Q.

Every half hour or so reports came in.

Robby settled down, for the fiftieth time, to study a copy of the du Maurier book. "Once this case is over," he said, "I swear it—though I was once one of her greatest admirers, I'll never read du Maurier again!"

And he turned to his wife and said, not for the first time: "What we need in this case is a lucky break!"

CAT AND MOUSE: 5

by **LEONARD MOSLEY**

And he turned to his wife and said, not for the first time: "What we need in this case is a lucky break!"

What they got, instead, was disaster.

For down at Maadi Barracks, the interrogation team was getting ready. They were all experts in the ways of German espionage. They knew their languages and they knew the ways of foreign spies.

They had cracked quite a few important agents already. German officers, Greek and French and Egyptian traitors among them.

They were skilled in the art of burrowing through the locked doors of brave, defiant, over-confident men's minds. They were sure that they would not have much trouble with Eppler and Monkaster. The mere fact that they were so beautifully sure of themselves made them certain of success.

They moved towards the cells into which the two Germans had been taken.

Eppler first. He was cocksure and confident as ever.

"Let's get the torture over with, gentlemen—and then haul me off to the firing squad. But don't think you're going to get anything out of me. Not even the Gestapo could make me talk."

A British officer whom we shall call Cecil, because he is very much alive today, slapped him jovially across the shoulders. "Those jokers!" he said. "Such an unscrupulous lot. I can assure you, you'll find us all gentlemen here. Now tell us—"

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And he turned to his wife and said, not for the first time: "What we need in this case is a lucky break!"

"We've taken Eppler's mother and his step-brother into custody. They're frightened and are willing to talk."

"We've got the exact frequency they've been using to tune into their information station. Once you've got the code, and once we know the signals Eppler used, we can go into operation."

INTO OPERATION We had a life into the German intelligence with which we could fool and fox them, if only we could pressure or persuade Eppler into co-operation. And if only we had the code, the code, the code.

That morning, after a night out with a British officer, Heilmann, the night club dancer who had helped Eppler, came back to her houseboat, which was moored only a few yards away from the one she had found for Eppler.

As soon as she saw the lighted boat, and the soldiers around it, she turned and started to run. But a little later, after her husband, took her into custody.

She sat, very yellow in the face, watching the British officers as they began their questions. No one bullied her. As the men who questioned her think back to it now, they will tell you that, in fact, she was very friendly and helpful. She had known so many of them, had been so gay and friendly with them, had made their brief moments of relaxation so happy, that they found it hard to feel harsh about her.

She must have some deep-seated reason for working against Britain, and in their way, they respected it. She was an enemy now, and they needed what she could tell them. But they felt for her too in her desperate predicament.

"Look, Heilmann," said one of them. "Whatever happens, things are not going to be very nice for you. We will have to turn you over to the Egyptian police, because we have known for a very long time that you have been working against us. But we want to make it as easy as possible for you, and it will only be easy if you help us."

"I KNOW NOTHING"

SHE said, "I don't know anything. I didn't know they were German spies. I just tried to be friendly because I know Hussein Gasser's mother and family. I am an honest girl. All I want to do is to be nice to people."

The interrogating officer reached behind him and brought out a British officer's uniform. On it were a major's epaulettes.

"Nice to this major, for example," he said. "We found a name tag in the back of it. This uniform belongs to Major Smith. You were nice to him? And how nice was he to you in return?"

She sneered at the bundle in his hand. "Smith? What sort of British officer is that? He is on special duty and told me to report to headquarters in the depot. And what does he do? He knows he won't be back here."

Instead, he comes back here with me—with all the secrets in his knapsack for anyone to look at!"

The officer said: "You looked at them, Heilmann?"

"Of course I look at them. All the things the Germans want to know—and he leaves them lying on the table, just because he wants to have an hour with me! What sort of an officer is that?"

The officers looked at each other, and then one of them said gently—

"What secrets were they, Heilmann? Come on now, tell us, and it will help you."

"It may help me," she replied defiantly, "but it won't help you. He had all your plans with him—the troops you plan to use, the places you plan to defend, the strategy you have in mind."

"And now it is too late for you, because Eppler has sent them over to the Germans. They know now. They know what you will fight with when the last battle starts, if it is too late, major. They have the information they wanted. Hussein Gasser sent it over to them last night."

The major smiled at her. "In wartime, Heilmann, sometimes luck plays a part, and in this case luck was on our side."

"What do you mean by that?" she asked.

"You'll learn in time, he said, and signalled the sergeant to take her away. And he did not tell her that the vital information she had secured and given to Eppler had not yet—thanks to the stupidity of the Abwehr—found its way into German hands."

There was still time.

Meanwhile, back at Maadi, Monkaster seemed to be dying. They had given him blood transfusions and a specialist was standing by. But it looked hopeless.

The brigadier in charge of the interrogation centre hovered over the bed, looking anxious.

"We've got to get him well enough to talk," he said. "Don't you see that this is our chance? If we can bring him back to life, and work on him, but without telling Eppler that he's survived—it's the best chance of all to get the information we need. Because we can pressure them both, without either of them knowing that we are playing with them."

He looked down at the grey face of the young German radio operator and sighed.

"What a game," he said. "But it's got to be done. And it's our only chance."

The hours slipped slowly by. Eight o'clock. Nine o'clock.

In Eppler's cell they were going over the questions again and again. When had he come from? Was it true that he was a real German—or was it a fact that he was really half-British? Wasn't that why his mother was always so adamantly saying, "But my son would never be a spy for Germany. His father was British?" Why did he give up and stop working for the Nazis? Everyone knew he wasn't a Nazi himself. Why work for the so-and-

so? Why not give in and help the British instead?

Eppler faced the barrage of questions and smiled at them.

"I am only trying to help my country," he said. "Why do you try to break me down? You have caught me. Why don't you just take me out and shoot me?"

Eleven o'clock. An hour to go. And so far, no code and no break from Eppler.

"Ah, well," said Major Sansom. "We've caught our spies. We've stopped up a leak in information from here. But it looks as if the rest—well, let's face it, it's a failure. We hoped to fool the Abwehr and make Rommel make the wrong move, and we haven't done it."

He sighed. The interrogation officer looked at him and said: "Relax. You've had a tiring day. Don't forget, we've got another hour yet."

And a very puzzled signals officer hung up and went back to bed. But not to sleep.

Because how could the secret radio in Cairo still be in operation when the two German spies who had been running it were in British hands?

An appalling thought struck the officer. "Don't tell me you haven't got the right ones after all? Don't tell me we've made a monumental snafu of the whole thing?"

Then, murmuring to himself, "Why should he sleep when I

can't?" he picked up the telephone, threw over the "scrambler" switch, and called one of his chiefs. "It's the enemy agent station, sir," he said. "Yes, the pirate. Just been on the air again."

"That's funny," said the officer at the other end. "He shouldn't have been. I thought we captured the blighter." He stopped abruptly and then went on: "Any reply?"

"Yes, sir. All in code, of course. But it was very short. Probably just an acknowledgment. Not much joy in it for the code-breaking boys, I'd say. I'll leave details of it for you when you come in."

"Good show, sergeant. Press on."

And a very puzzled signals officer hung up and went back to bed. But not to sleep.

THE PIRATE AGAIN

AT midnight that night the N.C.O. at the monitoring set of a Middle East radio ops-room took off his headphones and looked at the clock on the wall.

It was just turning into the morning of July 26, 1942, and for a moment he hesitated.

Then, murmuring to himself, "Why should he sleep when I

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LONDON LETTER

by Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

THE MALAISE OF YOUTH

IN the long years that I have endeavoured to paint the picture of life in the United Kingdom, I can hardly remember a period when there was such a confusion and bitterness as at the present time. Even the weather has joined in the malignant frolic. Two days ago the skies were azure blue. Yesterday a howling wind drove a torrent of rain that cut like a knife.

Life, unlike art, has no set design. For example let us take one day this week. In the debating chamber of the Commons there was a debate on the economic crisis as seen with British eyes. To a silent House one Labour MP after another told of the laying off of workers in this and that industry. Nor were the Tories without similar stories to tell. No longer was it a debate, but rather a series of statements, couched in simple language. It was as if the calendars had been turned back thirty years.

Yet such is the incongruity of human affairs that at 7 o'clock in the evening a half dozen of us, representing the three parties, had to leave the Chamber and attend one of the big private dining rooms where this all conquering Surrey County Cricket Club were being given a dinner to celebrate the winning of the sixth successive championship last summer. I must confess that it was a relief to get away from the Walling Wall and to mix with healthy, hearty, muscular athletes who know that in the realm of English sport there are no such things as recession or slump. They could not have differed more from their M.P. hosts if they had come direct from Mars.

MADNESS

But less than a mile away in the Borough of Holborn a political test match was being played with one man, Henry Brooke, against an angry crowd. Mr Brooke, as Minister of Housing, has a cherubic, reassuring smile and possesses a brassy voice that could make itself heard over a hurricane. But this occasion was proving too much for both his smile and his stentorian voice.

You will remember that in the war years, below a certain level, were frozen. Landlords could not raise possession of their own houses and they had to keep them in repair. It was basically unfair but in war it is not only on the battlefield that there are casualties.

After the war the control of houses and rent was continued but at least the Conservative Government decided to bring in a Rent Act which decreed that after a certain date the decontrol of houses would come into force. But coming events cast their shadow. In a by-election of a constituency with a comfortable Tory majority the Government candidate was defeated. And that was before the Act had taken effect.

As an M.P. I had to deal with many cases in my Borough of Southgate but I found in that pleasant North London suburb a genuine sense of responsibility on the part of the owners. I am not denying that there were hardship cases where tenants under notice could not find any place to go, but fortunately they were given time by the owners.

DISORDER

There was, however, no moderation or even a suggestion of fair play when Mr Henry Brooke faced the angry crowd in the London Borough of Holborn. The microphone, which for once he misused, was torn from his grasp and came back a few seconds later as a flying missile. The Union Jack, spread across the platform table, was trampled as the Tory officials fought the mobs of Fascists and Communists. The table was pulled off the platform and demonstrators stood on it and tried to address the audience. Chairs and bottles were used as weapons.

Even when the meeting came to a disorderly end Mr Brooke was hurried to a back room where he stayed behind locked doors for 25 minutes. Then he returned to the House of Commons, a little flushed but with his usual poise.

But Mr Brooke was not the only Minister who had experienced mob violence. No less a Minister of State than RAB Butler, who is No. 2 in the Tory hierarchy, was given a friendly cheer from both sides when he took his seat on the Government Front Bench. He, too, had had a "rough" experience although

there was nothing sinister about it.

It is the custom of Glasgow University to elect annually a prominent public figure as Rector. The choice this year fell upon Mr Butler and in due course he went to Glasgow to receive the honour which the undergraduates had conferred upon him. Being a conscientious and highly intelligent man Mr Butler had prepared a wise speech although he knew that there would be a certain amount of traditional "ragging." But he assumed that the presence on the platform of the Chancellor of the University (Lord Boyd-Orr) and the Principal (Sir Hector Hetherington) would keep the high jinks within bounds.

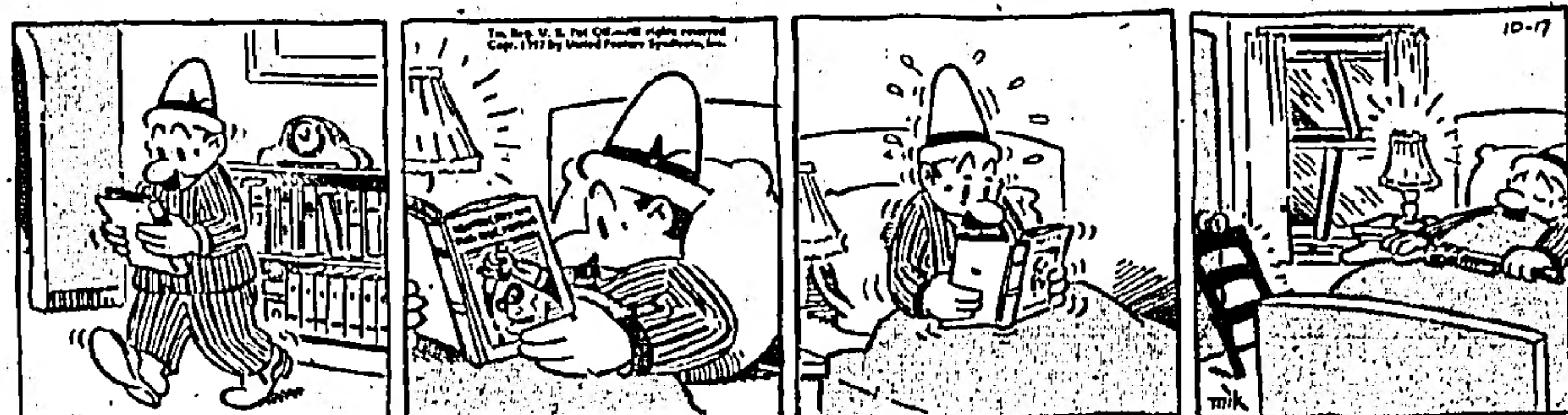
HOOLIGANS

I have to report, however, that both these high dignitaries looked anything but pleased when Mr Butler, drenched the platform personalities without discrimination. Mr John Mack, who holds the post of Stevenson Lecturer in Citizenship, got hold of the extinguisher but lost his spectacles in the process.

Not to weary you with this story of high spirits I shall merely record that Mr Butler received a direct hit from a bag of flour which splattered his gown and suit, followed by a rotten tomato which gave more than a touch of colour to his face and gown. As a final gesture of delicacy Mr Butler was met on his arrival with a huge sign: "Welcome to Rochdale," thus commemorating the sensational Tory bye-election disaster in Lancashire.

For once the Scots received a really bad press, and, in fairness, let it be put on record that the Lord Provost stated publicly that it was obvious the students could not be granted the hall again for an installation ceremony. Whereupon the President of the Students' Council expressed regrets and apologies. I do not think that we should take this Caledonian buffoonery too seriously, or link it too closely with the uproar at Mr Brooke's meeting but unhappily there is an undoubted general lack of normal restraint which is completely out of keeping with the British character. And perhaps the most sinister of all is among the "teenagers."

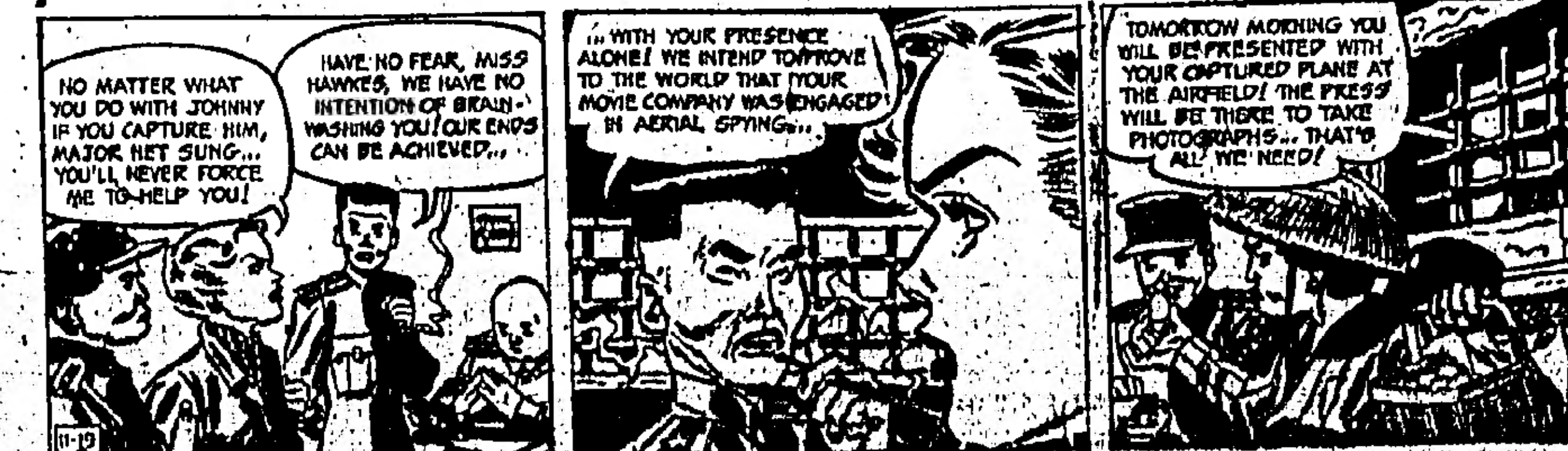
FERD'NAND



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



JOHNNY HAZARD



"I don't think the Yanks have a patch on the Mother Country for... DOWNRIGHT OVERALL ROTTENNESS"

Ruark

on the Mother Country for downright overall rottenness of behaviour." There was a time when, having read such a charge, I would have made a violent protest or even raised it on the floor of the House of Commons but today I can only feel a sense of shame and bewilderment.

It is customary to blame such things on the aftermath of war, and it may be that there is something in the point of view. Other students of human affairs blame the plethora of gangster films that followed on the wider gangsterism of war. So far no one seems to attribute it to television although violence plays its part on the T.V. screen.

IDIOCY

One cannot blame the newspapers for reporting, for example, such an idiotic prank as a collection of barefoot debutantes and their Teddy boy escorts charging up and down the escalators at the London Airport on a recent Saturday night, while skiffle groups lived their way through the lounges, trampling furniture and smashing ashtrays. Two plain clothes policemen were beaten up when they tried to separate two warring gangs.

In the years that I have written the London Letter I cannot remember writing with such reluctance as I have done today. I wish that it were possible to say that this malaise of youth is nothing more than an untutored protest against the Hydrogen Bomb fatalism which darkens the whole of civilisation, but that would be a mere retreat from reality. Personally I believe that newspapers, films and T.V. must share the responsibility although not in the same proportion. These youngsters are more likely to be excited by the visual realism of the screen—whether in the cinema or on television—than by the printed word. It is the intuitive quality of the screen which constitutes its danger to the susceptible undeveloped mind.

However, I find a glimmer of hope in this darkling story by recalling that Jimmie O'Brien and his gang terrorised us youngsters who lived in St Patrick Street, in Toronto, many, many years ago. Then one night my father gave Jimmie a horse-whipping and there was no further trouble. I hate cruelty of any kind but, as the old saying had it, you sometimes have to be cruel to be kind.

The sooner we accept that truth in Britain the sooner we shall be rid of the plague of vicious adolescent youth which feeds the hungry egotism of youngsters who crave street corner notoriety and, in their idiocy, think it is fame.



"I thought you said you were not adopting a separate programme!"

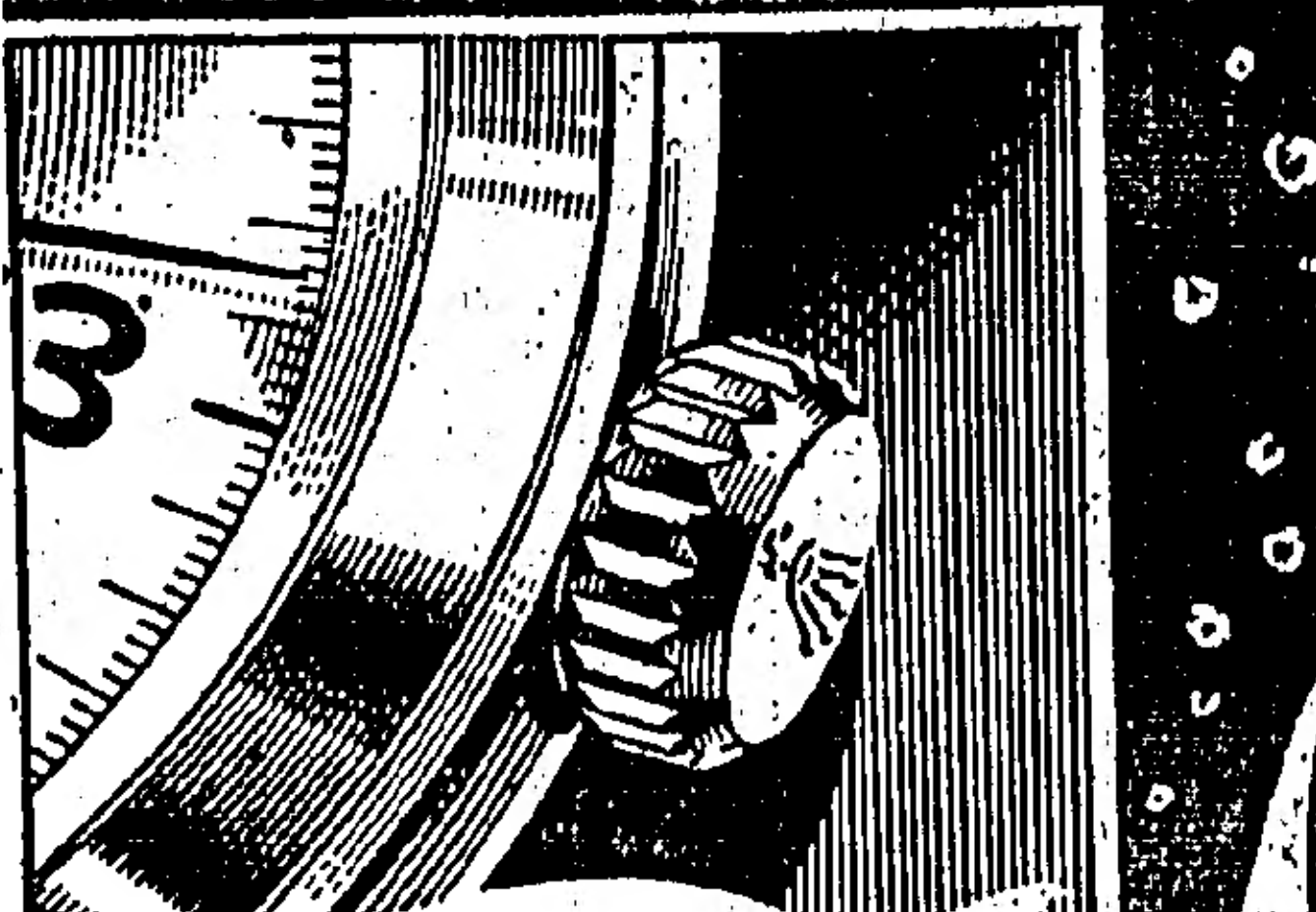
London Express Service

By Milk

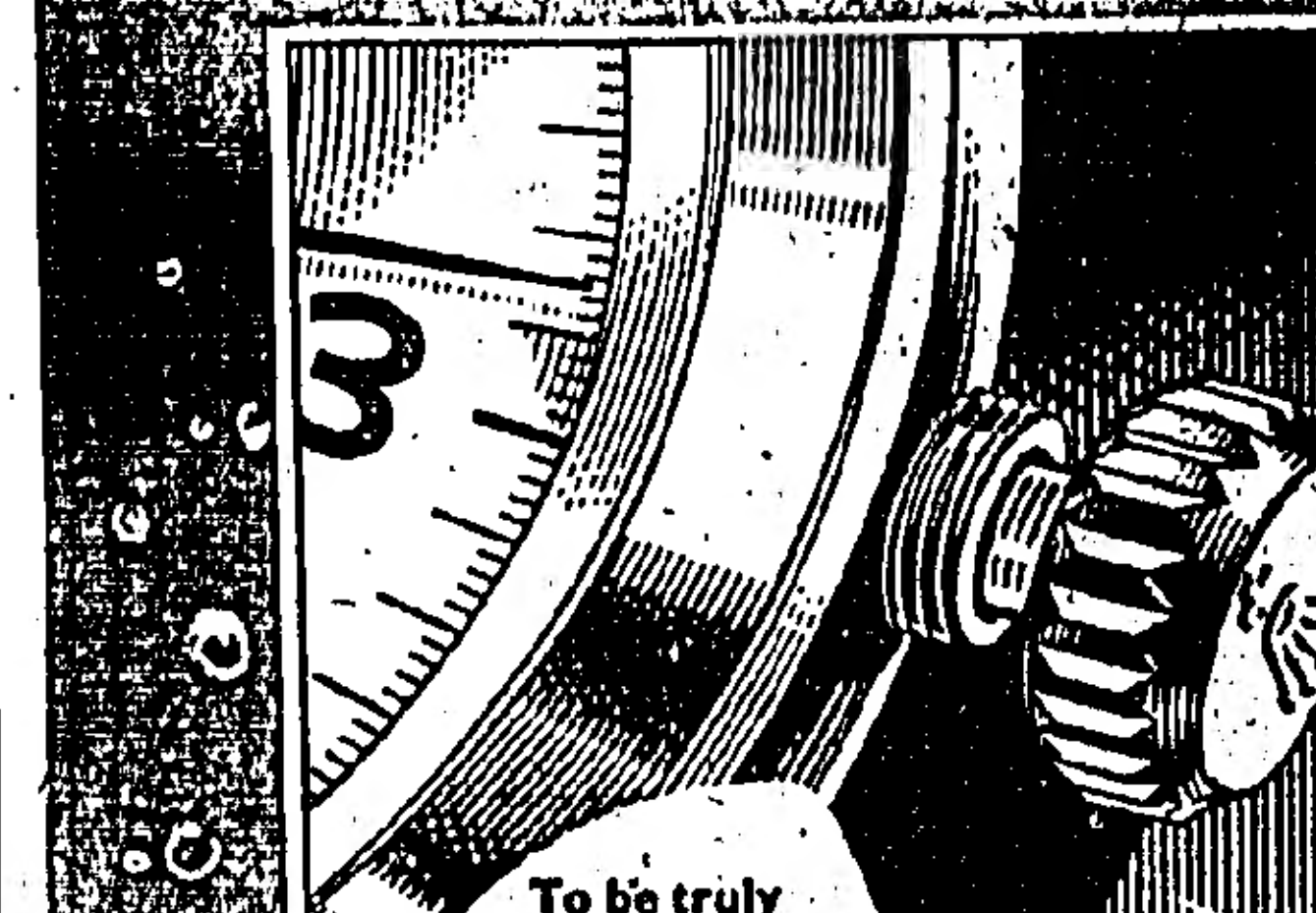
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27 fathoms down

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By Leo Falk and Phil Davis

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Just fancy... in "3rd"...!
Parasitic Skin disease, itching, eczema etc.
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SO a way out had been found... for some. What that meant was, those who had no visible means of supporting themselves in Shanghai, and those who were truly redundant would be allowed to leave from Tientsin, far away in North China.

Most European concerns were still carrying the same staff they had employed before Shanghai closed down. Salaries were still being paid, quarters maintained, and all the perquisites that went with the job carried on. But for almost a year, not one cent's worth of business had been done.

Hundreds of small Chinese businesses had just closed up, dozens of smaller Chinese banks had closed their doors, and how the ordinary people carried on in anyone's guess.

Then there existed a population of Western extraction who had been born in Shanghai, who knew no other home, who had entered into its life and had forged a decent living one way and another. Some of them had tucked away a

bit of money overseas, and as it worked out, were able to establish another life overseas; and some of them are now in Hongkong. But some of them were just one's concern, and for them life was both desperate immediately, and hopeless of any future.

It can be seen then, that those who could take this long route out via Tientsin, were those who had sufficient money to do so; or on the other hand were those who had a firm to pay their way. The heads of concerns had to stay where they were, until the authorities were satisfied that the firm had met all its commitments. And the commitments grew every day.

The Experience

To convey the atmosphere that existed at the time is almost impossible. No one can enter into an experience, unless they have had a similar experience, and as far as I know, there was nothing just like Shanghai. It seemed a city of forgotten people, and it seemed that no one outside could have cared less.

In spite of what one wrote, it seemed that people as near as Hongkong imagined that everything up there was having a good time and were reluctant to leave. When we gathered round a turned down radio, nothing was said of Shanghai or its forgotten community. I suppose had we been harshly treated or rounded

LAST DAYS OF SHANGHAI

By John Luff

up, and put in a prison camp, some representation would have been made. But we were not. No one interfered with us; no one ill used us; the worse that happened during this time was when the foreign owner of a concern was unable to meet his financial obligations to a local staff he had to employ, or rather, he was not permitted to discharge. He was locked in his office and held there until either he got the money from outside sources, or those in power were convinced he had no more money. But unless an exasperated employer insisted on it, against his tormentors, he was not locked up. It was about this time that some Americans were held on espionage charges. We heard about it, but what they could see or hear in Shanghai, I do not know. For all I could see was a weary round of bureaucracy which I thought must be directed to freeing the city of all Western influences, and then rehabilitating it as purely Chinese lines.

The first thing those who were preparing to leave had to do was to obtain an Exit Permit. In the next few months, Exit Permits haunted our lives night and day. It seemed the most precious document ever to enter into the peregrinations of mankind. It was more than a passport, it only for the reason that

it was much more difficult to obtain. In fact, it was a humble document; in effort to obtain, it was of incalculable value. It took days of time, and endless journeys from one authority to another to secure it. One moment it seemed unobtainable, the next just within reach.

In order that you appreciate this, let it be understood that your passport was worthless. It was not asked for at all in the preliminary stages. The application form for this Exit Permit was made on a form provided by the authorities.

The next step was to give your reason for leaving China, and that had to be a good reason. Then the authorities had to be satisfied that all your obligations had been met, and if you were in a senior position, someone had to take your place.

Your servants were asked if they were satisfied with the sum paid to them by their departing employers, and in some cases an unscrupulous servant could hold his employer to ransom, especially if there existed any incident in the employer's career he wished to keep concealed from the authorities.

Having been cleared by the Shanghai authorities, the person on the way out was allotted a seat on the Tientsin bound train. He had to be ready to

depart when his train arrived. He then spent a time in Tientsin until he was further cleared by those authorities. And only when they were certain of every detail of his affairs, was he allowed to board a ship.

Every article he carried out, from grand piano to collar stud had to be listed, and an inventory in sextet headed to the authorities. A more thorough or methodical search is hard to imagine, and very nerve racking it was.

Unless the people leaving had a home somewhere, they travelled comparatively light, because the long way out was expensive, and it was unthinkable to travel around with huge crates of furniture. All kinds of things had to be left behind, extravagant but useless gifts were showered upon acquaintances.

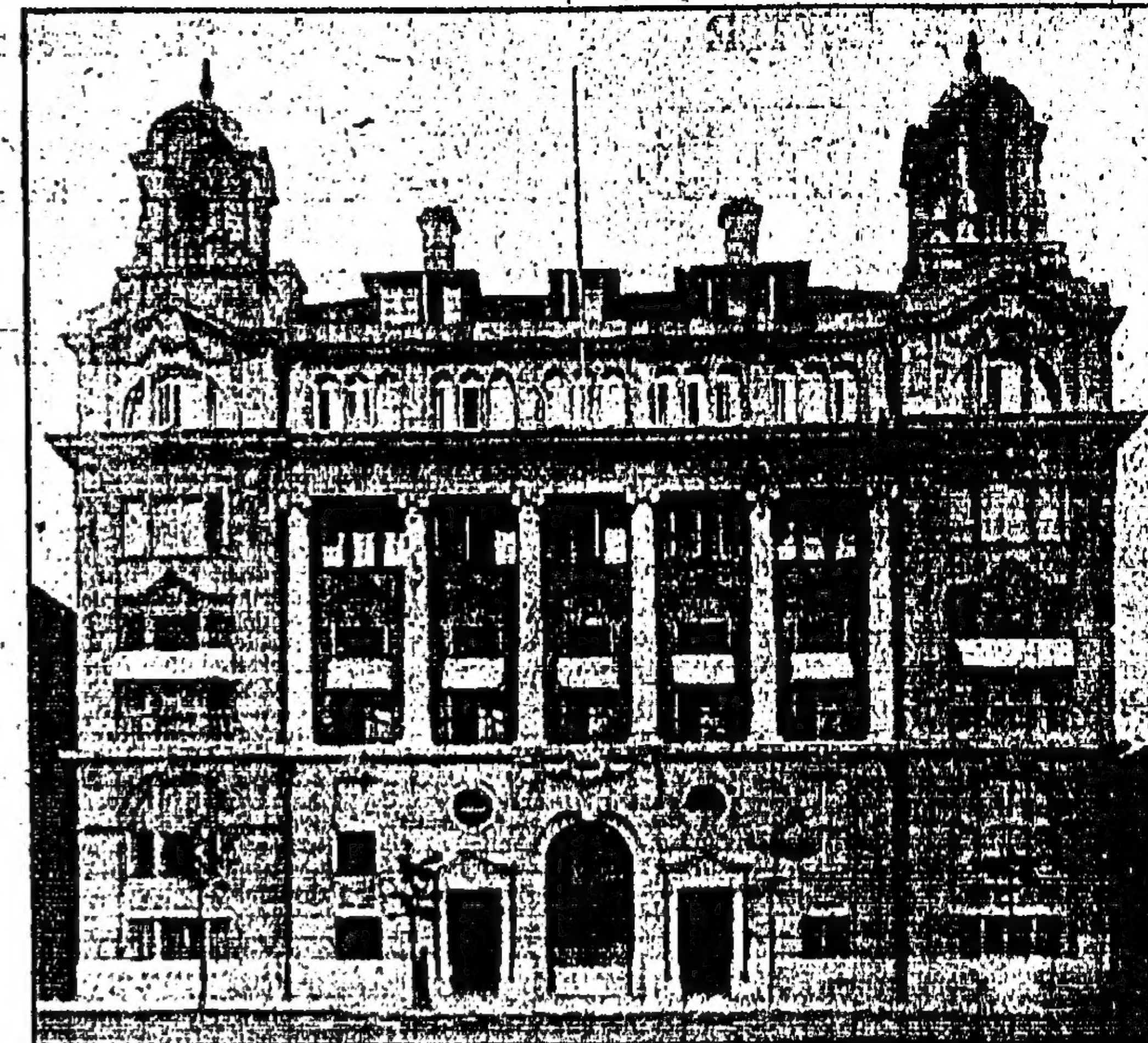
The Gifts

"Would you like my car? I'm not taking it with me."

"I am presenting my piano to the school, it is a Blüthner grand."

That is the way it began, and when the exodus was more or less complete, whole buildings fully furnished down to Peking carpets, were left as they were.

Those first to get away reported dire incidents in connection with their examination for an Exit Permit. We had it whispered that all photographs were examined with meticulous



THE SHANGHAI CLUB HELD OUT AS LONG AS IT COULD. This photograph was taken in its prosperous days when it was looking forward to half a century's happy days.

scrutiny, and any snapshot that might reveal the Chinese in a subservient position was confiscated. For instance, a Westerner riding in a tri-shaw or being pulled in a rikshaw; scenes of picturesque squalor, or of incidents not in keeping with the aspirations of modern China, were all taken away by the authorities. So those of us who hoped to depart in the future began

to set our photographs albums in order. No valuables could be taken, unless it was proved they were part of one's personal jewelry, and all objects of ancient Chinese culture were examined, and if the piece in question should prove to be a rare museum piece, it was confiscated. No newspaper could be used in the packing of china or other fragile objects, for fear, I suppose, it should contain information the authorities wished to keep inside the country.

So the pioneers reported back to those of us who should leave at a later date, and all over the town there was a symptom of what I called Shanghai nerves.

The thing to do, and it was not easy to do, was to play out of trouble; anyone out of line with the authorities was avoided for fear of contamination.

The Exodus

So the exodus began, at first a trickle, then a giant flood, then a trickle again.

The huge famous clubs, incident to many romantic stories of Shanghai were the first victims of the new order. Faced with heavy taxation and a dwindling membership, they closed one by one. All kinds of schemes were thought up; sentiment ruled in favour of keeping them open, but much money was thrown away trying to meet the ever increasing demands, and at long last it was seen they would have to go.

The closing of the clubs really marked pain for the most obstinately optimistic foreigner that the old days were gone. No more would the fabulous French Club find the near professional gambler putting a year's salary on a hand of cards.

The British Country Club tried hard; a Bowling Alley was erected to attract the compatriot who had up to now found his fun outside of established recreations, but it was of no use. The American Country Club with its fine swimming pool, and its atmosphere of hot-dogs and frolics, was the first to go. The Italian Club with its fine music and good food managed to hold out for a bit, but it had to go.

Most of the clubs held a final gala festival, and although they did not immediately close their doors, the big occasion, held while there were still enough foreigners to attend, marked the end of it all. We attended each club in turn, and very enjoyable it was.

The Shanghai Club, with its famous long bar, and its equally famous topers held out the longest, or so I believe, but no longer did the famous Saturday sessions take place. Real Scotch was as rare as the Dodo, and we did not trust such brands as "Old Shipper" and others of this ilk, distilled in the bathtub of Shanghai. Most of us were drinking vodka, the only drink you could trust.

The number able to leave at any one time was small owing to the fact that the only ships entering Tientsin were coastal vessels, and passenger accommodation was exceedingly limited. Nevertheless, as the weeks passed, the foreign com-

munity grew smaller and smaller, and very depressing it was. Then came the news that the General Gordon would put into Taku, the port of Tientsin, and we knew this was it. Everyone with an Exit Permit would be on the ship. An estimate census was taken, and we knew there was no justification for trying to hang on. The school would lose half its scholars at one sweep.

Then the Heinrich Jensen turned itself into a form of relief ship by turning both fore and aft into a kind of floating dormitory. Nothing was guaranteed but deck space, but that was enough. No one criticised accommodation, or luxury; all that was asked was a few inches of space on a ship sailing away.

At no time was any attempt made by our Government to aid its nationals in getting out; neither did the ships plying between Hongkong and Tientsin put themselves out to help in the withdrawal. The Heinrich Jensen sailed like an ark, while the British ships took a dozen or so cabin passengers, usually on the employ of the shipping firm. It seemed, and it still seems to me, that as far as official and semi-official British authorities were concerned, we could be in Shanghai now.

The numbers at the Shanghai British school were now down to something like one hundred and fifty scholars. April and May of 1955 would see the exodus from Shanghai at its greatest.

We decided to hold a last great concert and finish in style. The school was polished and scrubbed, and that morning I walked all around the place to see that everything was in order.

Its lofty entry was set in a delightful English garden where grew English flowers in an alien soil. Its spacious grounds marked were out for games, where in the long twilight of a summer evening the masters tried to recapture their ancient skill with a well oiled cricket bat.

And in a like, like coy girls, stood a row of willow trees, and on that April day, they stood new clad in filmy tent dress.

The children who came that day are now scattered wide up on the face of the earth, and some have brought fame to their old school.

Nothing now remained to do but to collect our Exit Permits, lock up our doors, and cherish in our hearts all that was finest of the old days.

Next week: The Long Trek To Tientsin

Usually, I am not given to showing the flag, but that evening a huge Union Jack was unfurled alongside the banner of St George, and before the concert opened, we rose to sing the British National Anthem. Not in pride nor in defiance, but because it was the Anthem of our mother-land.

It would have done your heart good to have heard it sung as it was that night as the forgotten community rose and sang. The children performed, remarkably well I thought, and then, after Mr A. R. Murray had made the announcement that told the sad tale of the uncertain future, the school sang a song we borrowed from Harrow for the occasion.

"Forty years on when afar and sundown parted are those who are singing today..." One should never be ashamed of tears, unless they are shed for one's self, and it was sad that night for whatever Shanghai failed to do, it did not fail with its British schools, and the School code of honour. It was the thing to do, at such institutions now. Then began the play. For those who went out to challenge life from the Shanghai British school presented a most formidable challenge.

Sir Robert and Lady Urquhart said goodbye, for they were due to leave, and it was all over.

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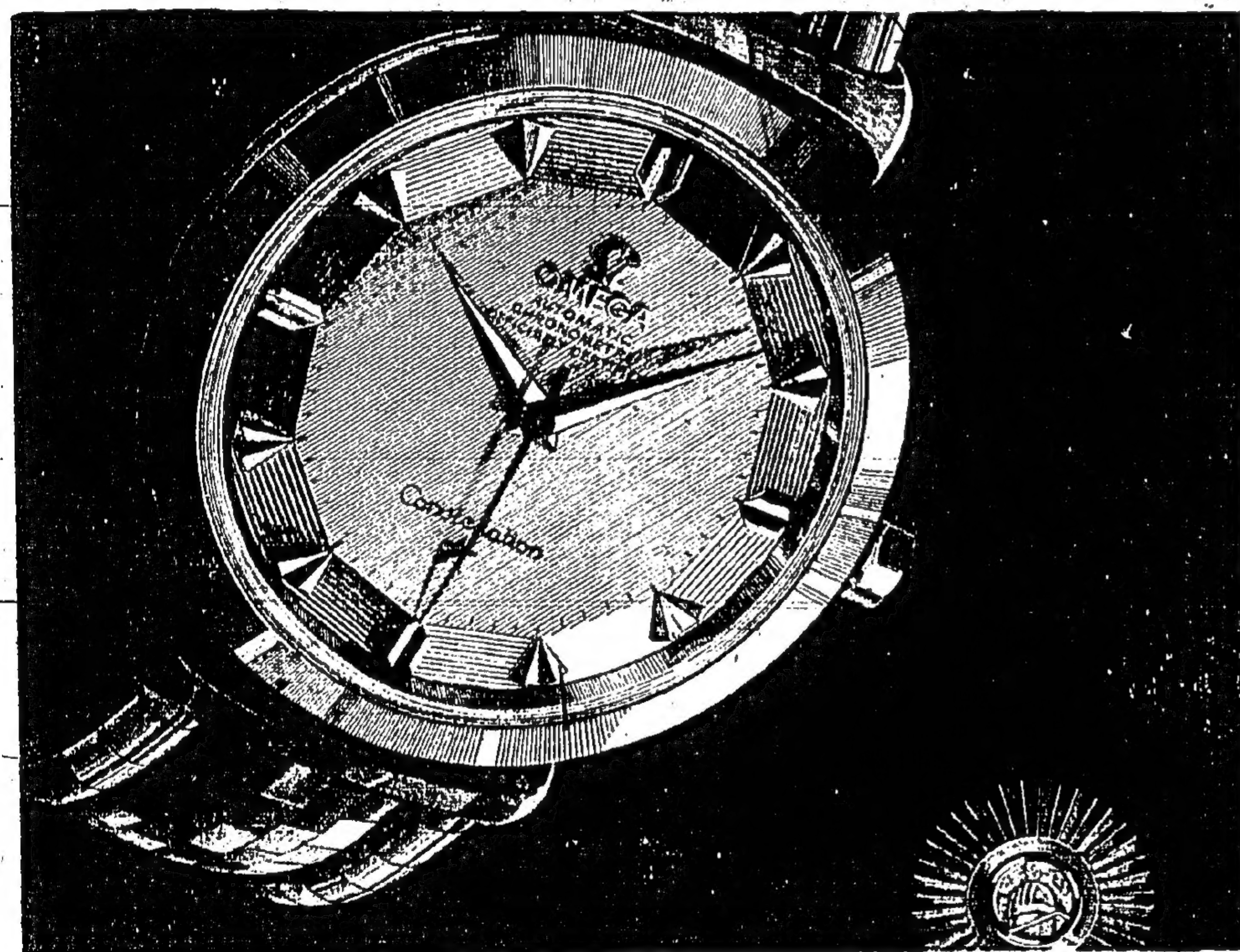
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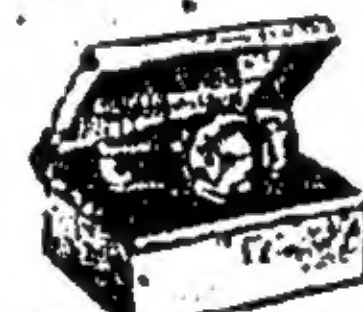
Next week: The Long Trek To Tientsin

the Way Out



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OMEGA Constellation



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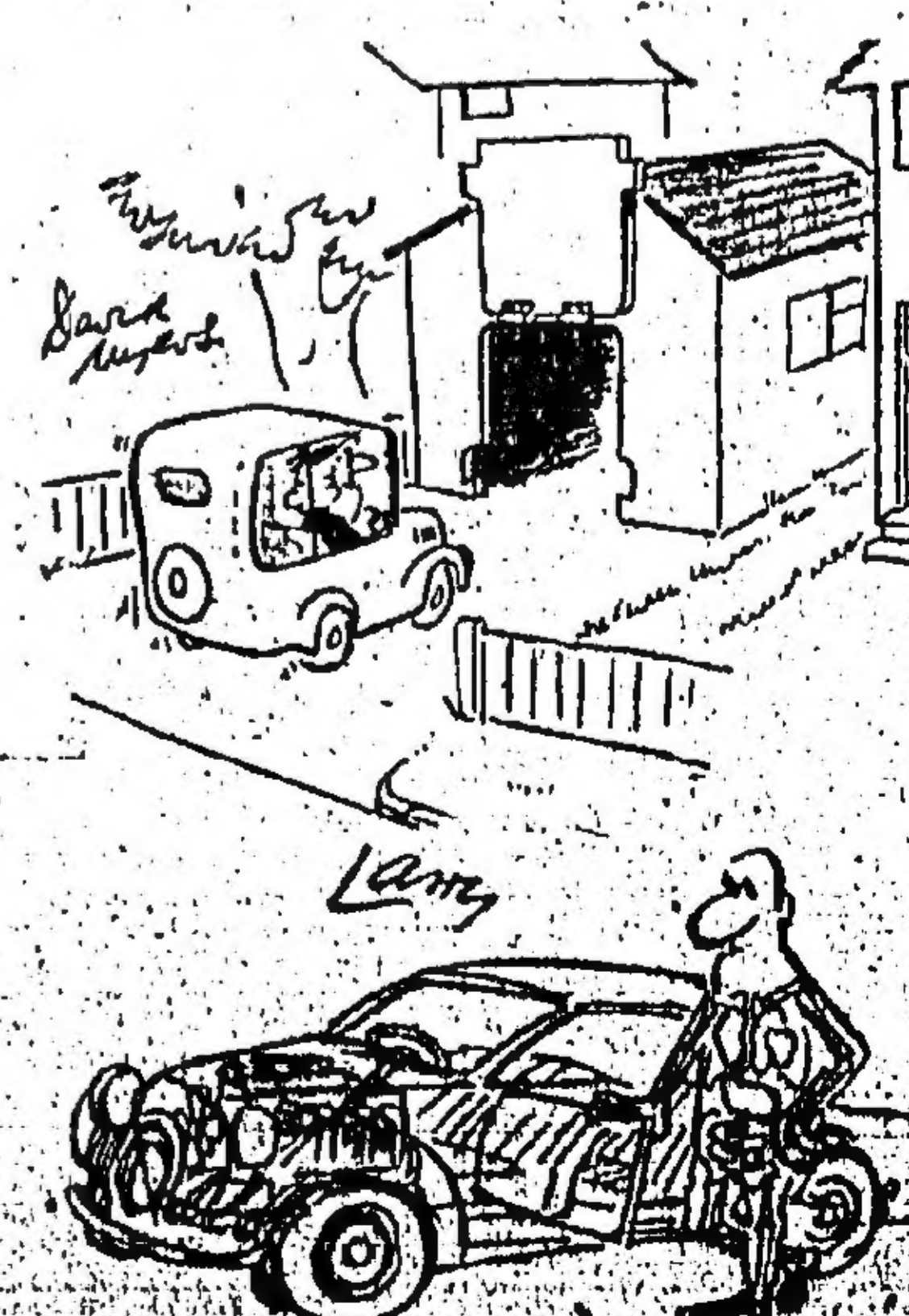
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ZANIES



WEEK-END WOMANSENSE BRIGHTEN UP YOUR FEET!

By Joy Matthews

*You'll mix shoes
and match them*

IN SILK AND SATIN
AND EVEN VELVET

THE prettiest and the brightest fabrics this summer will be going to your feet. And the best-dressed girls will be mixing and matching their shoes and their chemise-dresses, instead of sticking to those plain old calf pumps.

The new idea is: plain colours of fashion this summer simply shout for bright accessories. And these fabrics look wonderful on very very pointed shoes.

His latest success: Swiss nylon strawcloth, which has a high gloss to it and dyes like a dream.

Those dyeable linen pumps that were selling everywhere last summer for under £3 are with us again, higher-heeled and pointier-toed than ever. And if you're worried about the cleaning of all these pale summer luxuries this is what the experts say: linen shoes can be scrubbed gently with warm water and lots of soapy lather. But don't drown them or they'll dry out ruined. For silk and satin shoes there's a special dry-cleaner, price 2s. 11d. Or you can buy mangel powder cheaply from any chemist, rub a little in with cotton wool and brush out gently.

HIGH GLOSS

"After all," he points out, "the simple lines and plain



EXTRAVAGANZA of the new summer shoes from £4 to £15 15s. Left to right: Blue and lilac printed shantung; silk crepe that can be dyed to any colour you choose; pink and red roses

printed on a pair of velvet pumps; coffee and cream flowers on white linen; satin-edged nylon strawcloth, to be dyed if you please; and nylon printed with a green and tan floral pattern.

PICTURE BY JOHN FRENCH

SHIRLEY LOWE warns those about to marry do-it-yourself types

HOW I'D LOVE TO PHONE FOR A PLUMBER

I WISH I'd married a man who can't carpenter. Who gets on to an electrician when a fuse blows. Who brings in a builder for a broken door catch, who employs other people to distemper and paint and hang wallpaper, instead of him and me.

But I didn't. I married a do-it-yourself addict and I'm tired of people telling me how lucky I am.

What they don't realise, those fortunate women whose husbands are baffled by a burst pipe, is that carpenters, builders, decorators, and motor mechanics need a mate. The mate, as if you hadn't guessed, is you.

Your job is to stand alongside, passing up hammers, calling out praise and painting in the bits he's bored with.

"Fill in those corners with a brush, will you," he says. And as you laboriously probe away with your balding brush, off he goes making exhilarating swoops with his roller.

Simple job

When we painted the sitting-room, I was detailed to clean and prepare the walls. A simple job that I undertook with pleasure. Until I discovered that three layers of old paper had to be removed before the head painter could move in with his roller.

After I had prepared the walls, I went eagerly towards the lovely new paint. "Don't worry," I'll do this," he said firmly. "You'd better get a broom and clear up the mess."

When we got to the kitchen I was allowed to stick paste on to the back of the paper, until a tiny drop of it appeared on the front of the paper.

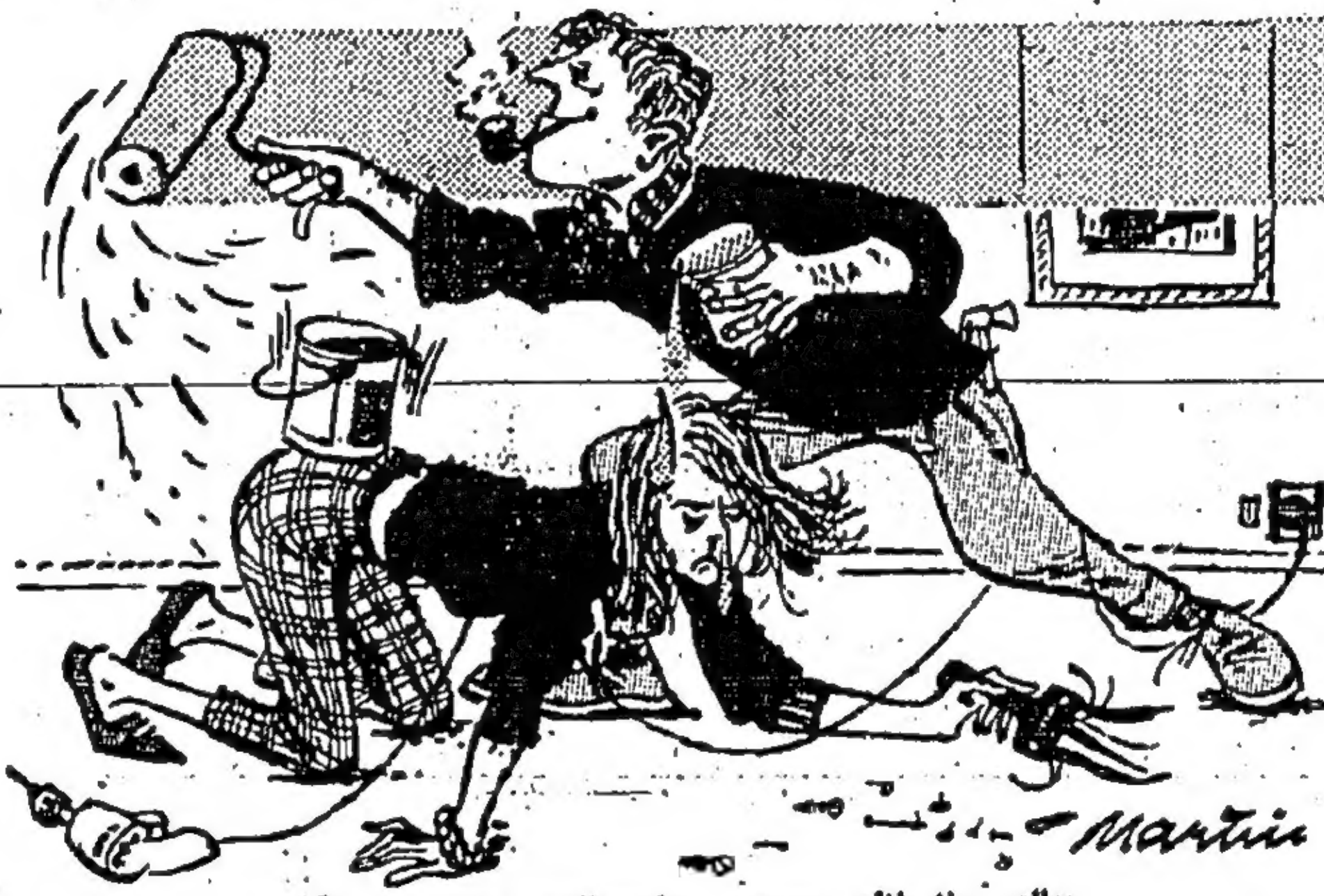
My job was quickly downgraded to paper-holder. Which meant standing on tiptoe with arms outstretched and pasty paper dropping into my eyes and hair, while my husband puffed and dabbed it into place.

When we turned the spare bedroom into a nursery, I was nine and a half months pregnant. Surely, I asked, I won't be much help to you in this condition?

My husband said I was—to just sit still and make myself comfortable, as he patted a spiky pile of dust-sheet-covered furniture in the middle of the room.

Marooned

There I sat, marooned until two in the morning. A large, uncomplaining figure, giving little whorls of delight as the new door catches and creaking.



My husband made exhilarating swoops with the roller...

goodness me, but what a clever idea to contrast that particular shade of red with that unusual tone of yellow.

And when all our friends looked at the nicely painted sitting-room, the smartly papered kitchen, and the brand-new nursery, they said: "You don't know how lucky you are to have such a clever husband."

What I do know is that a clever husband, who knows how to do all the many things around a house, can't understand a woman who can't do all the little feminine things around a house. Like running up curtains, re-covering chairs, and cuffs.

They shrank

I made some curtains once. Big, full, impressive ones that swept down to the floor. But after the first wash they were skimpily little curtains that barely cleared the sill.

I tried darned socks, too, and my husband eagerly rushed out and bought me a darning mushroom that I put up. But the bulb went and I worried so much about mending the mushroom that I never did get around to mending the socks.

I also decided to turn the cuffs on a shirt. After 20 minutes of close and careful unpeeling I opened up the cuff to reveal starched webbing. I didn't think my husband wanted to wear socks at his wrists so I threw away the shirt and faced a pair of hurt and accusing eyes. It was his favourite shirt.

Another disadvantage of having such a clever husband is that he's far too busy doing it himself to enjoy himself.

A film or play would be pleasant, I feel. But when I have tracked my husband down to his workshop, I find this idea is not only mad, but quite out of the question. He is busy making a screw to fit a badge that he has made for the car.

It is the predicament of the do-it-yourself addict that he knows he can do everything and

make everything just as well as the expert, and at half the price.

"Don't you go buying one of those washing-up mops," he orders. "I can whip one up for you in a matter of minutes."

Missing...

One man can't do everything in a house and run a full-time job as well. This is probably why our house is not in such a good state of repair as those of some of my friends, whose silly husbands don't know how to knock a nail into a wall.

The pane has been missing from the sitting-room window ever since a mending fellow obligingly offered to shift it when it got stuck. That was before the cold spell.

The bathroom is in the same sort of condition as the bathroom in any average thirty bob a week boarding house.

The bath is peeling. The cistern is rusting gently away. But we can't call in the plumbers and builders like other people.

Plans laid

A diagram is drawn and argued over, and plans are laid for a grand, new bathroom, which necessitates removing the outside wall and replacing it with glass bricks.

The first few bricks were taken out last summer. Ever since the house has been held up by a piece of wood, four inches wide and two feet high.

Of course, it's very gratifying to have everyone telling you that you have such a clever husband. The pity of it is that you can never get close enough to him to tell him so yourself.

If he isn't crouched behind a deafening electric drill, then he's flat on his back under the car.

Taken all round, I wish I'd married a man who thinks (just as I used to do) that a spirit level is something to do with a dry Martin.

Well, this is one way of spending the weekend...

A report for everyone who is (or ever has been) diet-conscious

HOW are you spending this weekend? Down in Surrey 60 men and women are living a spartan life—and enjoying it.

At Enton Hall Dietetic and Osteopathic Hydro, whose "patients" or guests have recently included the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Lord and Lady Bath, Evelyn Laye, Tessa O'Shea, the spartan 60 will rise early, enjoy cold showers with coarse salt massage ("salt glow") and almost nothing to eat.

Mr Howenden Baines, company director, knocked back the remainder of his lunch (a glass of orange juice), thumbed the lapels of his vivid yellow dressing-gown and pronounced:

"This is the life—at least every now and again."

Wealthy Mr Baines and his wife are among the spartan 60.

They are paying the top rate of 23 guineas each for the treatment—and will be coming up for more. Mr Baines is the type of greying-haired executive one could readily picture humming late in pin-stripe, in a board room—or measuring up to a 200-yard drive towards the comforts of the club house.

SEDATE MANSION

Why, I wondered, the orange-juice and the dressing-gown? We were sitting in Room 4—a spacious double room in this sedate Victorian mansion overlooking some of the 60 acres of lawn and woodland.

Mrs Baines—in a pale pink dressing-gown—gave the answer. "We come here three times a year—and it really keeps us going. It might look like a starvation diet—but it's helped to keep my arthritis at bay—and it's a wonderful tonic for the heart."

"Yes, I can't describe how wonderful I feel after a 'salt glow,'" said Mr Baines. "I've just come from one. As a

Saturday special I'll be having a Silz bath—you sit in hot water, put your feet in cold. It has a wonderful pump action on the spine."

"Cars need decolouring at intervals—and so do human beings," said the manager, Mr Jervis, ever a little (orange juice naturally) in the airy bar. "If more people toned themselves up this way there'd be a lot more healthy digestions—and good tempers."

A FEAST

WHILE the happy, spartan 60 are sitting down this weekend to a luncheon consisting of orange garnished with lemons, Monsieur Abel Alban, Head Chef of the Savoy Grill who has prepared for his guests:

La pousse de tortie en xeres (turtle soup),
La fruité au bleu de beurre fondu (melted butter with trout),
Foussin fond d'astichaur (Florentine style),
Followed by La coupe delle Helene (pears plus).

In case the spartans are tempted when they leave Enton Hall, he tells me: "For my main dish you need 1½ pounds of chicken, an ounce of butter, five or six small mushrooms, a half gill of madeira, five tablespoons cream, the yolk of one egg. It takes 25 minutes to cook."

"I clean and singe the chicken in the usual way and split the back open. Then I flatten and season and cook in a small saucepan about the size of the bird, with butter. When three-quarters cooked I add sliced white mushrooms. Then when cooked I put the chicken on a plate and cover to keep warm. Then I add madeira to the saucepan and reduce this; when reduced, four or five tablespoons cream, I allow this to boil and thicken the sauce with the yolk of egg, season—and pour the sauce over the chicken."

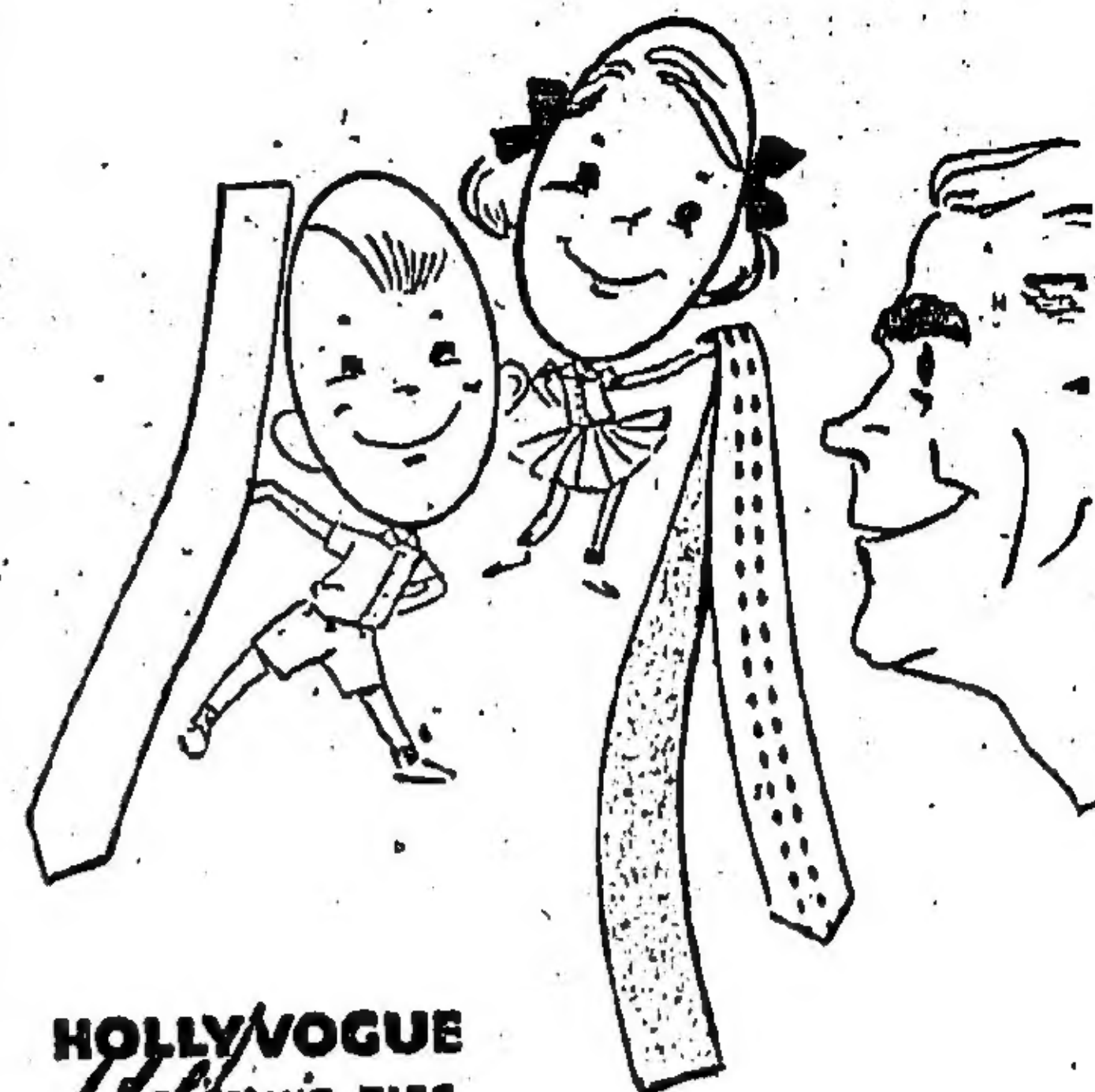
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(London Express Service)

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Revlon's Lanolite Lipstick

DISA



Lady Baden-Powell, Chief Guide, who named herself "Chief Excuse for a Pageant," with Lady Black, President of the Girl Guide Association, acknowledging the welcome cheers of over 1,000 Guides and Brownies at the Macpherson Stadium on March 28. The pageant, History of Guides in Hongkong, was specially written for the occasion by Jill Doggett. Staff Photographers

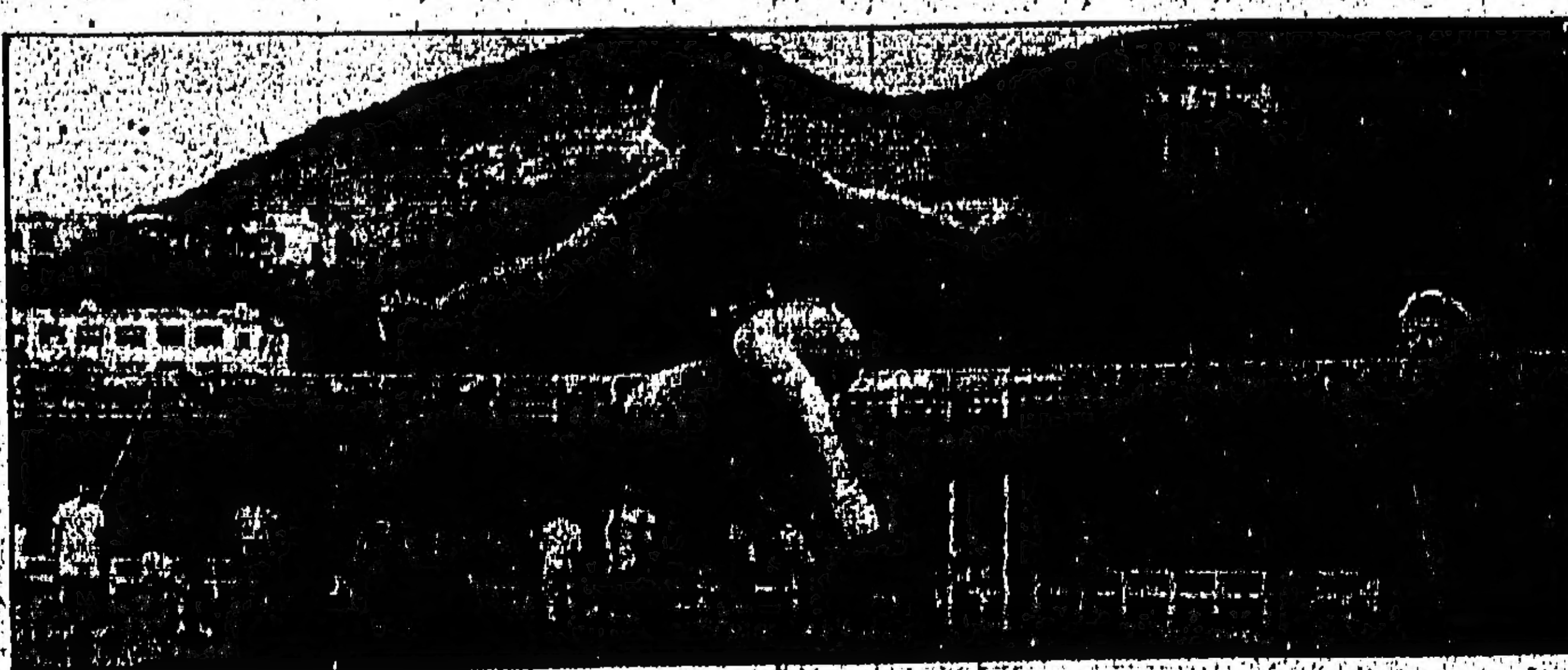
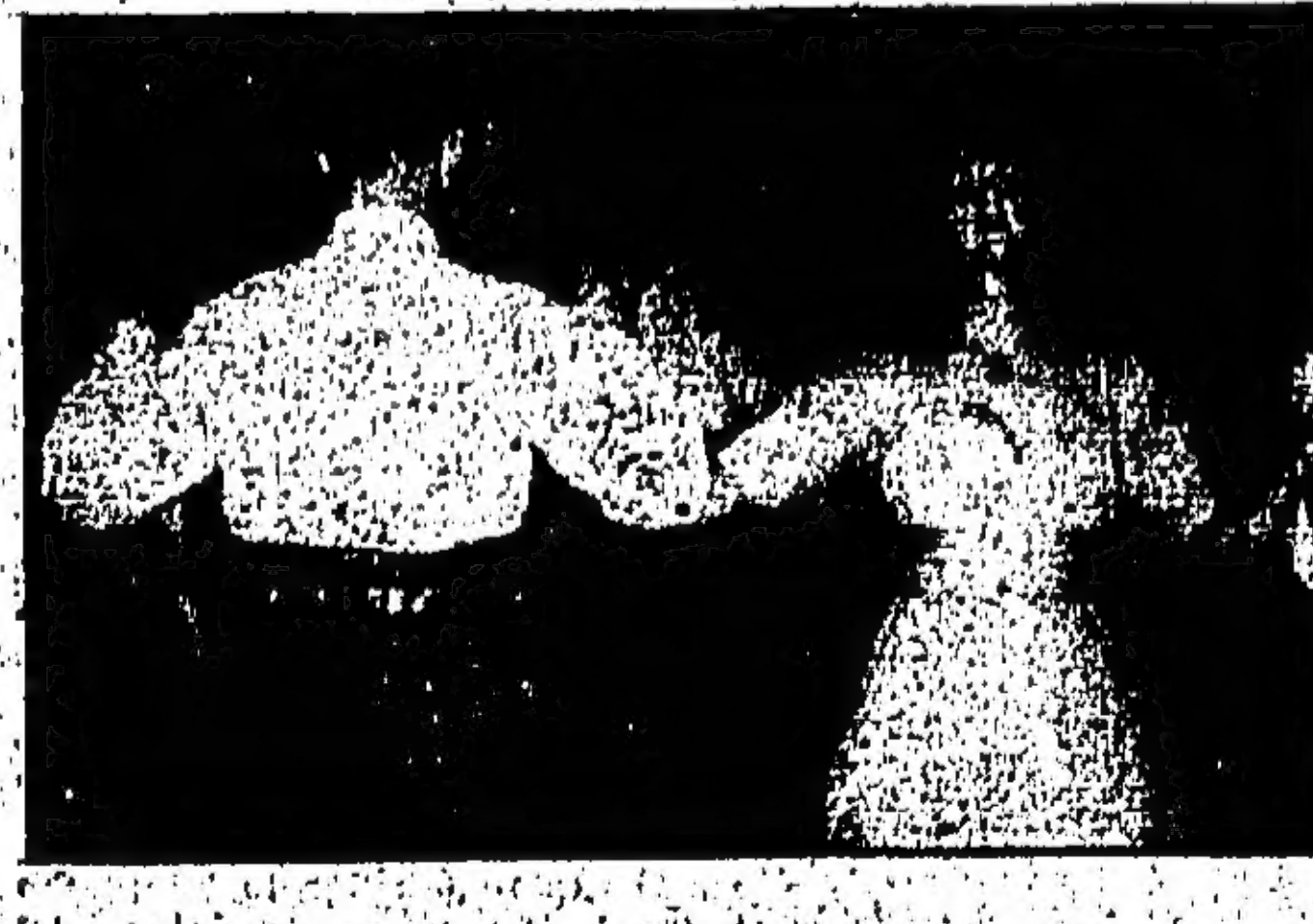


Mr Cheung Chan-hon is elected this year's chairman of Directors of the Tung Wah Hospitals.

RIGHT: Mr and Mrs G. T. Padgett and son Richard at a farewell cocktail party. After 37 years with the Hongkong Electric Company he leaves to become its London agent. Staff Photographers



Mrs S. N. Chau presenting a trophy to Master Lo Kai-chiu of La Salle College. RIGHT: The Reel Club Dance. BELOW: Carol Brundie at the Inter-School Athletic Sports meeting. Staff Photographers



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The Blind entertain the blind . . . 80 of them at the Hindu Temple.
RIGHT: Pict van Mulbreght and Lela O'Donoghue at St Joseph's.
BELOW: Puppets . . . Prospero, Miranda, and Ferdinand . . . at
the Ho Tung Technical School for Girls.



00000!

Dorothy Knowles,
sportswear, and—
a new dance step,
perhaps—at the
LRC.

0000PS!



Mr and Mrs W. H. Colledge and Mr Bill Woods at a
reunion party for former Prisoners of War held at the
Revenue Inspector's Mess, First Brigade Building.
BELOW: "I want to China in the skin and heart of a
Negro and lived happily with the Chinese people," said
turncoat Sergeant Larence Sullivan (27) captured in
Korea on November 25, 1950, now returning to the
States. Staff Photographer



Sir Robert Black, Hon. Commandant-General of the Royal Hongkong Defence Force is seen at the
Annual Review of the force with Brigadier L. T. Ride, Commandant.

RIGHT: Kiku Kurjani and Tilal Sabnani are seen after their wedding in the grounds of the Indian
Club, Kowloon.

BELOW: The choir of St Mary's Girls' School . . . winners of the Chao Mei Pa Challenge Trophy for
senior girls singing in Chinese. Staff Photographer



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Every husband a week-end cook!

ONE of the things men do better than women is cooking good food. But most cooking is, of necessity, done by women. To spread the art of the chef more widely in the British home, we launch a campaign to get more husbands into the kitchen. And what better time than the week-end? The campaign will be conducted by a man who until now has never ventured beyond boiling eggs. This is not just a cookery course, but a nothing-ventured-nothing-lost report that no wife can afford to allow her husband to ignore!

by
TOM STACEY

SEEN RIGHT
AT SAMPLE
ING STAGE

I HAVE just cooked Matelote d'Anguille Maconnaise. This wildly exotic dish is eaten up in a French way such as will astound guests.

It must be admitted that when I created this course I was

under the instruction of one of the finest chefs of London, Monsieur Auguste Laplanche, of the Savoy.

I had brought the equipment with which I had been told to parade—

Three pounds of live eels (in a bucket), 1½ small onions, 1½ small mushrooms, some shallots, parsley, thyme, bay-leaf, lemon, one garlic, miniature bottle of cheap brandy, ¼lb. butter, small packet plain flour, French bread (narrow gauge), half a bottle of cheap Macon (red wine). This does for five people.

If you do not normally like eels, the following Matelote will convert you.

A good way to start is to drink a little of the brandy. Cut the throat with a very sharp knife, but leave a little bit of skin at the back.

Live eels bite. They are naturally very slippery. Have no mercy with your eels.

Take them by surprise with a cloth, holding them just below the neck. Ignore the wriggling. Cut the throat with a very sharp knife, but leave a little bit of skin at the back.

Slit the skin a few inches around the Adam's apple area. Then, gripping hold of the head, proceed to skin the eel by pulling with all your strength.

Put the point of your very sharp knife obliquely into the eel's tummy button and slit upwards. Then vigorously scrape out the innards. Leave nothing nasty inside at all. Now snip off with scissors the tail and any odd bits of fin. Now you begin COOKING.

Just peel

FIRST you cook the onions. M. Laplanche says "place" them. What you would call a small onion he would call a big onion. Throw away any onions bigger than your thumb-nail, or just peel away big onions to Laplanche size. You want about 10 for five people. Glazing onions means frying them incredibly slowly in butter, with salt and sugar added, in a covered frying pan. It should be half an hour before they are ready.

Meanwhile, les anguilles (the eels), Don't they look awful.

Cut them into 3in. lengths, and wash and season them.

Next, in another deep covered frying pan, melt some butter and put in a few more small onions and carrots and shallots. When you have got them all sizzling after a minute or two (but NOT quite frying), put into this same frying pan the sections of eels. Sizzle it all about.

Skim

WHEN the eels feel firm (after a few minutes) pour in a good half-tumbler of brandy, stand back, strike a match, put the match to the brandy, and smother the explosion with the lid of this frying pan. Cooking is fun.

Then pour in your half-bottle of Macon. Put in your thyme and bayleaf (not too much), and some of your parsley, tied up in a little bundle. The liquid should now be covering your eels, and bubbling merrily.

In spite of the lid on your

frying pan, you also put on a piece of butter-smeared grease-proof paper, cut in a round with a hole in the middle (fold it like a child's dart to cut it). Lay it on top of the boiling mixture. This is to trap the hot steam. Skim the scum the while.

Now squash a piece of garlic the size of an orange pip by bashing it under a knife with your fist. Put in the garlic.

Skim the while.

Now you make the croutons. Little rounds of buttered bread lightly fried under the grill.

Chop the parsley.

Trim the mushrooms (thumb-nail size), and pop them in with the glazing onions. After about five minutes, strain a little juice from the eels into the onions and mushrooms. A few minutes more and they are done perfectly, which is NOT TOO MUCH.

In your warm serving-dish, make a bed of the onions and mushrooms.

Prepare a mixture of flour and softened butter (about 100g. of each), and keep this handy.

Terrific

It is now about 15 minutes since you did anything (bar skim) to the eels. They ought

to be just about ready. That means firm, but cooked—all through.

Pour all the juice, including what you glazed the onions in, through a strainer into a bowl.

Now put the eels, and the bits of carrot, etc., into your dish, and keep warm.

Pour the juice back into the frying pan and boil it flat out until it has half boiled away. Stir furiously.

Mix into the juice your flour and butter mixture, squeeze in your lemon, and put in a little brown sugar and another dollop of butter.

When it is all looking and smelling terrific, pour it all over your eels. Dust the chopped parsley on the top, and prop the croutons round the edge.

Congratulations. You have now cooked Matelote d'Anguille Maconnaise. Whether you eat it, is not for me to say.

The bed with the built-in foghorn...

IT'S JUST ONE OF THE MANY DEVICES WITH WHICH MR DINE HELPS AMERICANS TO GET TO SLEEP

NEW YORK.

JOHN FOSTER DULLES wanted a folding sleeping board to bring Spartan conformity to his world-scattered couches. Orson Welles desired a bed big enough to "roam in." And Eugene O'Neill insisted that the bed for him must "guarantee sweet dreams with happy endings." So they all consulted a whispering dormouse of a man called "America's public sandman."

His name is Norman Dine—the only man in New York who likes his shop to be considered soporific. He has the largest collection of sleep-inducing gambits ever assembled, and the most telling evidence of the nerve-tweak that has got into U.S. slumbering.

Only the very vigilant get out of his shop still awake or without having slept once on the way. "Just sit down here for a moment," he says, indicating a blanchet-looking armchair. Unwarily one sits.

At a touch from a button from Mr Dine it has undulated smoothly into a bed. A gentle pulsation from an electric motor inside the chair tickled my "jangled insomniac nerves."

VISUAL BALM

Another snap of a switch and a fragrant scent of pine, combined with the muffled droning of a foghorn started up from Mr Dine's "Lullaplane."

Facing me was Mr Dine's "visual balm" section, a relaxer lamp with a revolving shade of swimming tropical fish design.

By my side was my "Beduction kit" car plug, eyeshields and snore-stopper. (There are three kinds of snore-stoppers—once, a rubber ball which fastens to the back of the pillow to prevent sleeping on the back; two, a snore mask to keep the mouth closed; and three, a buzzer put under the snorer's pillow, which with a gentle buzzing tells the snorer to turn over.)

A printed notice assured me that "Security palliatives"—like a personal alarm to panic intruders, an instant vigil lamp to light up whenever I might sit up startled and an instant fire signal—were protecting my peace of mind.

If I required to make use of my subconscious during sleep to learn a language, for instance, there was the automatic time-set memory trainer which would drone out my homework while I slept.

My "polite alarm clock" was set to wake me with gentle chimes or my favourite radio programme. Or if I woke before dawn and was too lazy to turn my head there was an ingenious magic lantern which dashed the face of a clock on to the ceiling at a press of a remote control switch.

ANNE SHARPLEY
reports from
NEW YORK

My sort of simple sleep, having necessarily dispensed with all these mechanical aids, there were plenty of devices to help me enjoy my smoke with my robot cigarette-holder, a sleek, up chromium version of a hookah.

Or my bed-specs with prismatic lenses would enable me to read while fat on my back. I could contemplate which of my neighbours should receive Mr Dine's "colourfully printed cards, each a whimsically rhymed plea against neighbourly noises from pels to parties." Or if my growing conviction that I would never sleep again was justified, I could always reach for a "relieve your heart pillow," a frilly, heart-shaped moisture-resistant pillow, secure in the knowledge that it is Mr Dine's view that "pent up emotions should not be suppressed. They should be healthfully released."

(London Express Service).

London girls fall for THE SHORT SKIRT

UP, up, up go the hem-lines. Making a lightning tour of London streets the other day I found many pretty girls out shopping with their skirts chopped nearly at the knee.

"All the Italian girls are wearing the shorter skirts," said MARIE ACHILLINI, of Holborn, just back from doing an interpreter's job in Rome. She had turned up her loose-look green jersey jumper suit 2½in., but admitted she hadn't yet got round to her winter coat.

"I found Marie 'buying spring daffodils for her home,' I just love the new short style," she told me. "It makes one look and feel so much younger."

Mrs John Green, of Knightsbridge, was searching for a new spring hat in a charming outfit of lilac and grey wool. "I turned this hem up three inches only the other day," she said. "I felt positively dowdy with the old skirt-length. My new spring clothes are going to be shorter still—right to the knee."

PRETTY SHOES

A GIRL who likes the shorter length, "because it shows off pretty shoes," was MARGARET HEDDLE, of Earl's Court. She works in a big store, which makes her fashion-conscious. Her choice for a sunny, chilly spring day was a supple blue coat, with black accessories and American T-

—and soon you, too, will

be reaching for your

scissors, says

EILEEN ASCROFT



MARGARET HEDDLE

"I like to adopt the new fashions carefully."

strap shoes with spindly heels. Two inches came off all her skirts recently, but she is contemplating another inch. "I like to adopt the new fashions gradually."

A MODEL GIRL

ONE girl who simply hated the short skirts at first and vowed she wouldn't follow the fashion was JILL PENGILLEY, of Holland Park.

But Jill is a model girl and "as all the other girls were doing it, I followed suit." She has shortened her complete wardrobe by three inches, sometimes four inches.

Now she has got used to the new length, she loves it.

With her blue fluffy coat and neutral accessories she carried an intriguing outside wicket bag.

"It is the new model girl craze," she explained.

A teacher's job is not merely brain-cramping, but character-building as well. And this is done only by example. Boys receive quite enough feminine influence at home. At school they need masculine example and control. That's my view. What do YOU think?

DOWDY

IT is true to say on my tour I found far more longer skirts



MARIE ACHILLINI (centre)
"I look and feel so much younger."



MRS JOHN GREEN (above)
"My new spring clothes are going to be shorter still—right to the knee."



JILL PENGILLEY
"I followed the other girls."

Practicality Stressed In Home Furnishings

By ELEANOR ROSS

IN spite of the sumptuous sets and exquisite pieces that are displayed, home furnishing shows practicality. No matter how handsome a sofa or table is, store buyers want to know if it can be kept clean with a minimum of effort, for that's what the shopper will ask when she goes looking for furniture—no matter what the price.

At one showroom, we admired the exquisite silken sheen of the upholstery on a particular sofa. However, we discovered that it wasn't silk at all, but a synthetic that could be kept looking new and colourful with the aid of a damp cloth. This was also true of the "fur" fabric and velvets that turned out to be pretty pretenders.

Comfort is an important consideration in both design and construction of the new pieces. Foam rubber cushioning is used extensively. Some pieces have plump, deep, soft own-filled backs. Many sofas and easy chairs have very low bases that almost reach the floor.

As for design, there's nothing especially new. Easy, graceful lines and a lack of gingerbread mark all designs, whether period or contemporary.

After a long absence, the vanity table is again a popular bedroom piece. So, too, is the blanket chest. Today's woman welcomes both.

BRAND-NEW PIECE

There is one brand-new piece, however. It's a bedroom breakfast table, a low, wedge-shaped type with two stools that slide under it. Buyers selected it

least one, thinking that it would have novelty appeal. Something that is sure to catch the homemaker's eye is the chest-of-drawers with drawers of plastic that just need to be wiped clean. The rounded corners make light work of this chore. Drawer fronts, of course, are made of wood.

Many houses are showing integrated chests, shelves, racks, cabinets and drop-front storage boxes.

STORAGE WALL

Armed with measurements and an idea of the pieces required, one can purchase a whole storage wall, which does not have to be built in. Once it meant an expensive job, the stalling custom-made units, but this storage wall is an improvement over the old. The pieces are hung or placed between free-standing metal or wooden frames and give an effect that is as smart as it is efficient.

Headboards, too, are designed for greater comfort. One has a thick pad of foam rubber which makes an excellent back rest for those who like to read in bed.

FOLDING BED

A descendant of the old folding bed is one that looks like a sideboard. Pulling down the sideboard-type front reveals a comfortable foam-rubber bed complete with reading lights. This is particularly useful when space is at a premium.

Many tables have extending tops and are made to be used in the dining area of a living room. As for the occasional table, it is still with us, but the new variety is functional rather than just decorative.

Is Co-Education Bunk?

"CO-EDUCATION is bunk and boys ought to be taught by men." When this view was put to the Canadian Conference on Education in Ottawa, when I was in Canada last week, Mr Tom Nye, a former school trustee, it caused quite a storm.

"Women teachers," Mr Nye went on, "cannot teach the manliness necessary to equip a boy for this tough world."

And he argued that co-education encouraged "Mommism." The women teachers in his audience may have been incensed, but I thought Mr Nye had a point. Look what is happening at present in American co-educational schools. Stories arrive every day of police called to schools, teenagers out of control and assaults on teachers and fellow pupils.

THE OPPOSITE SEX

Much of this can surely be attributed to the natural streak of exhibitionism engendered by the presence of the opposite sex. Mixing boys and girls in their studies not only takes their minds off their work, but tends to soften up the boys and make the girls aware too early of their charms.

A teacher's job is not merely brain-cramping, but character-building as well. And this is done only by example. Boys receive quite enough feminine influence at home. At school they need masculine example and control. That's my view. What do YOU think?

IN SWITZERLAND

IS there anything quite so mouth-watering as the smell spread by a Swiss delicacy—a silverside of beef lightly smoked, then hung in the open air to dry.

"Absolutely a specialty of the town," says M. Bezzola, our hotelier, of binden Fleisch.

It is served uncooked—in slices so thin that one could read a newspaper through them. It is delicious, especially with gherkins.

Could we do this in England I wondered. "Ah, no," Monsieur Bezzola said, "the flesh must hang in the clear air. In England there are too many microscopes."

And soon we shall export it," he added hopefully. "Here, there is a man who is now begging the chef for a recipe for polts pinas."

With a recklessness that only Mrs Beaton could rival, it began: "Take 1lb. of butter." Can anyone give me a simple practical recipe?

—VERONICA PAPWORTH



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(H.K.)

SARA and I went to Happy Valley. We'd managed to back

all the favourites that were off colour and all the long-shots that didn't like the distance, and the last race was just coming up. We were debating whether to call it a day and go home or to have a final flutter with the housekeeping money when up came Jack Hunter, big, red-faced, with the peak of his dog-cap pulled well down over his fleshy nose.

He gave me a wide Victor Mature grin, and asked how I'd been. I said, "Fine, Fine," and introduced him to Sara. He doffed the cap and began his haven't-we-met-some-places-before gambol.

It was whilst Sara was receiving the full treatment that I noticed, just behind Jack, a sad little man with the depressed air of an out-of-work jockey. I said I'd have to be going. "Hullo," Jack flung his bull-neck round, muttered casually, "Meet Davie Robson. Friend of mine," and switched back to Sara. I smiled ruefully at the little man who responded by staring with expressionless eyes and twitching a muscle in his jaw. Then he whistled tunelessly through clenched teeth, wriggled his shoulders, and away he went backwards and forwards. Finally he lifted a tired

hand, slapped it, and said, "Hit!" Before I could adjust myself to this Jack cut in with "I see he's giving you the James Dean routine, Charles. Get him to tell you about the film he saw last night whilst I give the lady a drink. He's a regular film fan, Davie is." And Sara drawled, "When you've quite finished with stereophonic sound, dear, you could possibly drive me home," and away they went, leaving me to the cold stare of the little man.

"This film you saw," I began, "—was it good?" "Smashing!" he said. I asked him what it was called. "Glunt," he said. Then he teetered on his toes, thrust both hands deep into his jacket pockets, and chewed his lip. I remarked that it was a pity that such a promising young actor should have died so tragically. "The greatest," he said, joggling his head like a marionette. Then, producing a key-ring, he twirled it round with one hand and flipped a cigarette to his thin lips with the other. I said I'd have to be going. "Sure," he said, and slouched away, whistling softly through his teeth. I shook my head, and went to find Sara.

The following Saturday morning we were in the Rendezvous, dilly-dally over coffee and watching the world go by, when Penelope's deep voice boomed, "Hello there!" and she joined us. Penelope is very tall, very bony, and has the hands and feet of a navy-

STARDUST

She makes a tidy income from writing those precious little verses in Christmas cards, but she has the good sense to laugh about it. Well, she kept Sara and me amused for several moments, and then, quite suddenly, she put a large fist to her mouth and hissed, "Do you see what I see?"

Othello,

She was gaping at a strange middle-aged couple seated some distance away. The woman was florid and quite disgustingly fat, and next to this mountain of oozing flesh was a little wren of a man. It was Robson! I gave a gasp of recognition, and saw what had startled Penelope. The little man was positively harranguing the fat woman who was nodding her head miserably. As we watched this mine of the woman's bobbing head and twitching sausage-fingers and the domineering antics of the man I found myself muttering, "He's not Dean any more." And then it slowly dawned on me, what I was watching. I was watching not James Dean, not David Robson, but — yes, I was quite sure — Rod Steiger. That was it, Steiger. The little man had cropped his hair — and was wearing steel-rimmed glasses. These he kept taking off and using them to point his words, and, as he did so wearily pinched the tip of his nose with tensed fingers. He was really putting on a show. It was comical, no, it was pathetic. And as we watched Steiger Robson, with an imperious arm movement, indicated that it was time to leave. The fat woman submissively gathered up her belongings — the bill was paid, and then they both moved towards the door near us. With right hand deep-thrust into jacket pocket the little man stalked wide-legged along with the woman meekly following. As they passed our table he recognised me with a quick petulant frown. I couldn't resist the temptation. I nodded to him and

naked," Steiger?" A smile like the grimace of a skeleton crossed his face, and then he winked, slowly, as if sharing a secret. Sara, bless her, put my thoughts into actual words with a sharp, "I liked him better at Happy Valley." And, of course, it took me quite a time to explain to an incredulous Penelope the strange personality changes of this very ordinary little man. Being quite honest about it all, I don't think I could properly explain it. His James Dean posturings had slightly amused me, but this one made me more than a little uneasy.

I drove back to my flat in a queer frame of mind. I was irritated, intrigued, and — yes — anxious. "What's the matter?" asked Sara quietly. "Surely you're not letting that —?" "That's just it, I am. He's getting in my hair," I snapped. It was all too silly for words.

When we got home my boy told me there'd been some "phone calls. "Mo cateche numbers," he announced proudly just to show me that there was more than one genius around. And gave me a slip of paper with three numbers on it, or rather the same number written three times. I recognised it as Jack Hunter's. So I rang and held the receiver at arm's length as he roared, "Hello! I've been ringing you for the last three hours. How about coming out to Fanning tomorrow and giving yourself a bit of exercise?" I said I thought that was a good idea. "Bring the little woman," he bellowed. I agreed to take the little woman along, too. And then, as the thought struck me, I remarked, "Oh, by the way, I saw your friend Robson today." Jack snorted. "Davie boy? He's crackers. Do you know what? He's never out of the cinema these days. It's a disease, that's what it is. Now take the beginning of this week. He went to see 'Gaslight'—all about a man who tries to make his wife think she's mad, although

he's as crazy as a coot himself. So what's he do, eh? He keeps moving things in the house, and then blames his wife. Tells her to answer the telephone when it hasn't rung. Hides the keys and manages to find them in her handbag. But I'm telling you, if he doesn't watch it they'll be taking him away."

"And his wife," I asked, "is she a very fat woman?" Jack laughed. "Fat? She's like a house end. But for all that she manages to have a bit of fun on the side. Can't blame her, can you?" I said I supposed not, and went on to tell him about the incident in the Rendezvous that morning. Jack laughed some more, a little falsely, I thought. I was very depressing company for Sara the rest of that day. She tried to enjoin me out of my moodiness. I was unenjoyable.

he said

A couple of weeks passed during which Jack kept me posted about Robson. Hardly a day went by without his telling me some titbit: There was no amused note in his voice now, however. It had begun to bother him, too. So, in turn, Jack would snort, "He's Brando today—'On the Waterfront.' What a game!" or "Now, guess who it is this time, Burt Lancaster! The Sweet Smell of Success! What a little giant he is!" and so on, always a power personality, always an inflation of Robson's littleness.

And then one Saturday morning I saw Robson again, for the last time, and once again at Happy Valley. I'd taken my dog out for exercise and, for no reason at all, found myself strolling around the Racecourse idly watching swarms of eager-beaver schoolboys playing a near approach to football. It was a bright, stimulating day. It was happy Happy Valley. For a short while I'd pushed the nagging problem of Robson from my

A HONGKONG TALE BY A HONGKONG WRITER GEORGE RAMAGE

mind, and then—there he was! Waving his puny arms, and talking urgently to a policeman, who smiled tolerantly, shrugged his shoulders, and strolled away. I watched Robson stand nonplussed, but only for a moment. Then he scurried after the policeman, and barred his path. I thought it was the moment for me to do something about it. So I crossed over to them. Robson was practically incoherent. I shouted at him. "Robson! Robson! Shut up!" He stopped suddenly, and looked wildly at me. I think he knew me, although I found him greatly changed. His eyes were dilated, and there was almost a majestic anger, a bigness about this scrap of a man.

"Now keep calm, and tell me what's the matter," I ordered.

Robson looked directly at me. "Oh, it's you," he said, almost gratefully. And I noticed, with some surprise, a resonance, a richness in his voice. "I'm trying to tell this fellow to come and see my wife. He won't pay any attention. It happened last night—after I'd seen the film. She's been carrying on with another man. I warned her, but she just laughed. She was big and fat and ugly, but I loved her. She shouldn't have laughed. I'd have forgiven her if she hadn't laughed." He slowly turned, and with a certain dignity began to move off. I motioned the policeman to go along with him. "Robson!" I called. He stopped, turned his head, and looked at me. I spoke very gently.

"What was the film you saw last night?" A half-smile flickered for a moment and was gone. "Othello," he said.

DON'T PANIC. After all, says Cummings, even in the home we're always on the edge of destruction.



That needle in the couch after a morning's sewing, for example...



The shocks to the nervous system when the bralette that you tried to make from the hairdresser's flaming red-head...



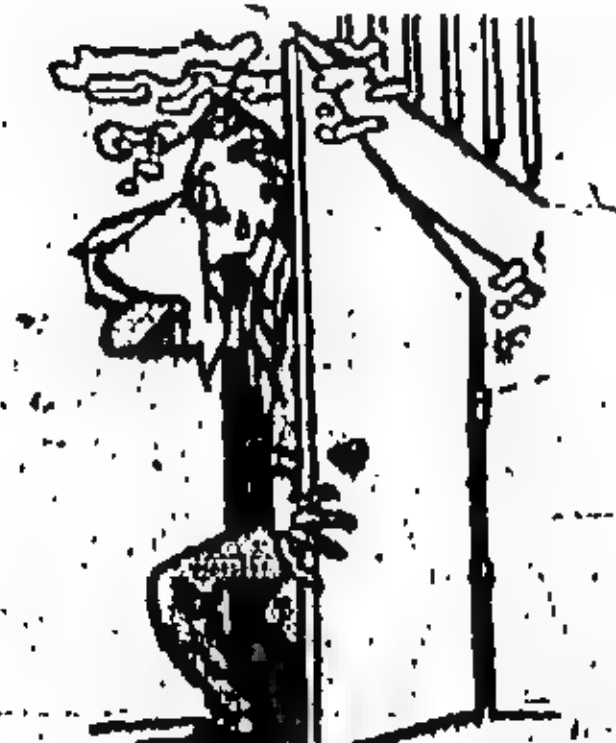
The lethal toys of one's children...



The little detail that the electrician forgot about...



The trifling section of water-pipe the plumber considered didn't need lagging...



That jolly little smell from the gas-pipes...



So, naturally, the possibility of an ill-bomb accidentally falling on me scarcely disturbs me for a second, my pleasure at the beds in spring time...

FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HE LEFT LONDON THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF CAPETOWN WRITES ON THE BLACK v. WHITE CONTROVERSY

SPEAK I MUST!

by the Most Reverend

JOOST de BLANK

ARCHBISHOP OF CAPETOWN.

IT IS now six months, since Archbishop Joost de Blank left the East End of London for South Africa. Naturally for a man who has always attacked social injustices, he has soon become one of the most controversial and most attacked figures in the black versus white controversy.

IT is hard to put down my first impressions of South Africa. I know that if I voice one word of criticism I shall receive a large number of personal attacks by way of reply.

These attacks will be headed by Cabinet Ministers and will range up and down the white population of the country. For the dyed-in-the-wool South African, races all commend except 100 per cent approval.

Other countries welcome the first impressions of visitors, or they are unfavourable, but not South Africa—not unless they express only admiration and commendation.

I wonder, why this is. I have frequently been told that it is because South Africans have no sense of humour. This may be true of some of them. They obviously have themselves terribly seriously, and humour pays no dividends. And so often with people who take themselves ultra-seriously, South Africa exaggerates itself. It considers itself to be in such a unique

position, that nobody can understand it and that normal judgments cannot be applied to it. It even thinks that Christian principles have to be amended to suit its exceptional situation.

PRINCIPLES ARE PRINCIPLES

I am a simple soul who believes that principles do not change just because you happen to cross the Limpopo or ocean into Table Bay. But there are any number of South Africans who do. They say that all the business of loving your neighbour is all right in England or Holland, but not in South Africa; wait till you have been here a few years, they say, and then you will realise that the colour of your skin makes all the difference.

But I remember the story of the Good Samaritan, and recalling that the Jews traditionally had no dealings with the Samaritans, I am not convinced. What was good enough for the Master is good enough for me. Their attitude is to my mind too much like suggesting that a commendation like, "Thou shalt not commit adultery," is proper for the Holy Land, but that you cannot expect it to

apply, say, in Britain or in France. The moment we think principles can be adjusted at will, the structure of civilised society breaks down.

You don't need to live 10 years in a country before you dare to say that adultery is a sin; and it is a sin in South Africa as much as in the Middle East of Jesus's day. Nor do you need to be here for 10 years before you dare to say that any policy which expresses itself in the exploitation of one race by another is contrary to God's will.

In this connection I have one important first impression which ought to be recorded: Every letter or statement suggesting that it is much too early for me to have any opinions, or to state any principles have always come from members of the white population. Those who advocate silence for at least 10 years are, I find, never members of the coloured or African communities.

FALSE AND ARTIFICIAL

There is something false and artificial about it, and the South Africans are much too nice for this racial attitude to be God-given or natural. Children do not have it. They make friends easily with children of all colours; and only as they grow up are they taught to draw away from one another. The present racial pattern has been created by decades of propaganda, accompanied by economic fear and social prejudice.

If only it could be freed from its prejudices, South Africa would be about the most wonderful country in the world. Nowhere can you find so rich a variety of scenery. Nowhere can you find such warm-hearted and hospitable people.

TOO MUCH IN THE PAST

Its history is short, just over three hundred years, and the South African knows his country's history as do few citizens of other lands. It may even be true that many of its inhabitants tend to live too much in the past. In some ways it is a backward-looking rather than a forward-looking country.

On occasions the bitterness of the past poisons the potentialities of co-operation in the future. But the people's natural genius for friendship generally cures all differences. During my first few months in the Cape, I and my family have been overwhelmed by the kindness and generosity of hosts of those whom we now call friends though a year ago we did not know they existed.

There is no place in the world where the stranger is so warmly welcomed as he is here. And the people are rightly proud of their country, proud of its beauty, of its fertility, of its expense and its grandeur. I have come to love South Africa. I believe it is a country with a great future. The moment it can cut itself free from a sterile racialism and can learn to express its day-to-day religious spirit in a vigorous freedom-producing Christianity, it will be the most sought after country in the world. I pray I may live to see that day. —London Express Telegram

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PIONEER MUSE	Apr. 23	May 27	May 28
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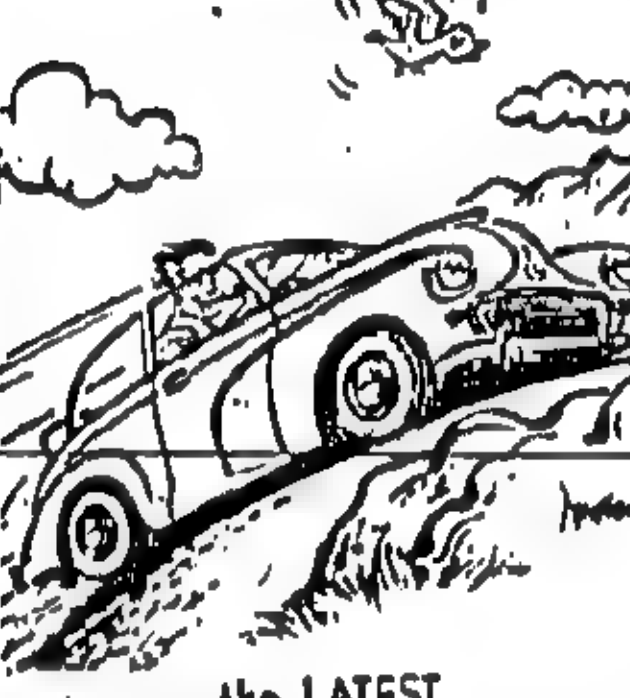
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Valentine's PREPARATION MEAT- JUICE



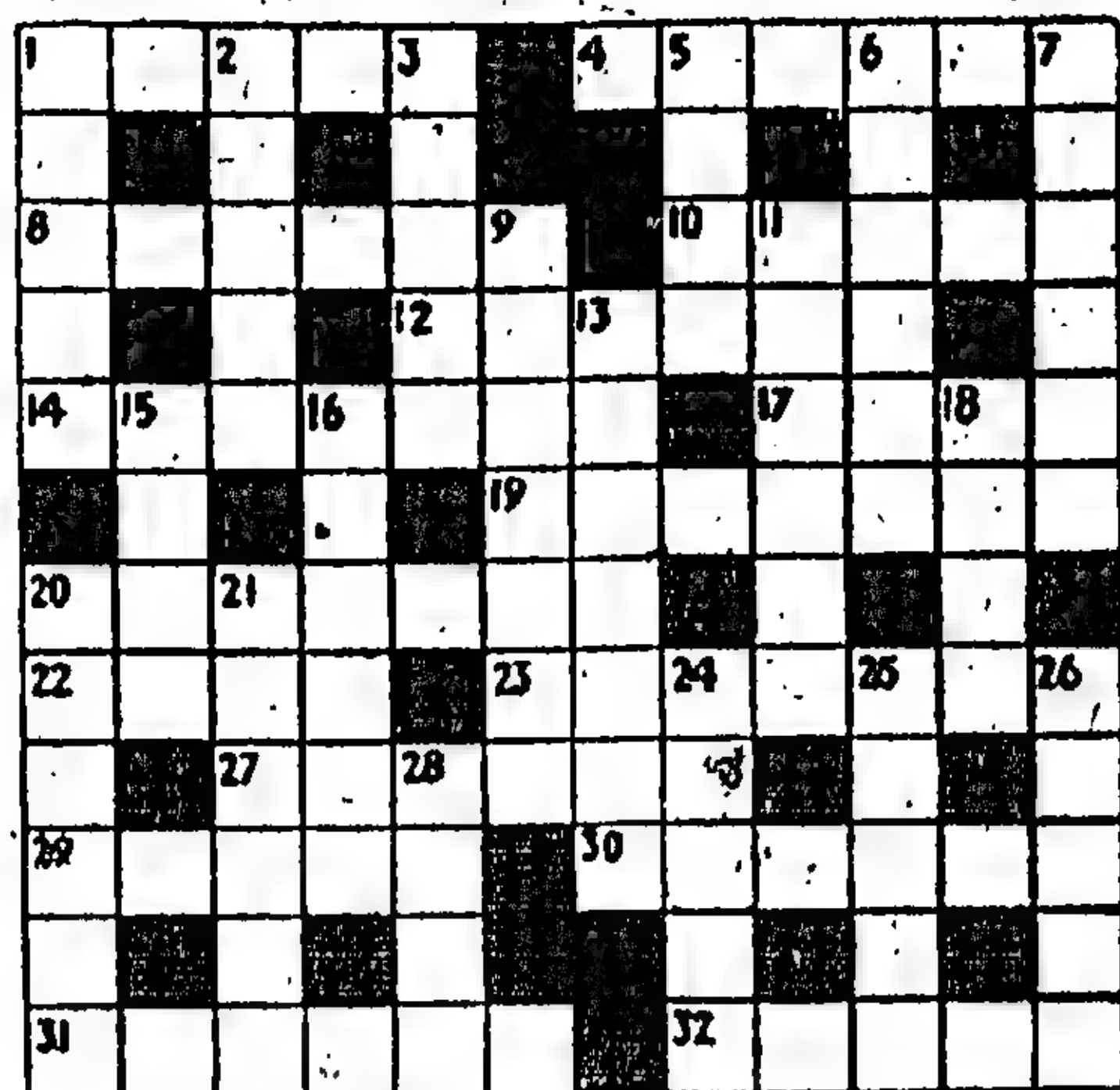
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in "3rd"...



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A British Crossword Puzzle



- ACROSS**
- Let in, we concede (5).
 - Pounding implement (6).
 - Indian (6).
 - Gels and deserves it (5).
 - Lacking inclination for a bit of poetry (6).
 - Stronghold (7).
 - Make supplication (4).
 - Not unlimited amounts (7).
 - Hells with rage? (7).
 - May be spare, hard, or loose (4).
 - What some chose? (7).
 - She was all against blood-letting (6).
 - Watered silk (6).
 - Criminal class? (5).
 - Put it on a horse (6).
 - One way to sing (5).
- DOWN**
- Savoury jelly (5).
 - Fine quality (5).
 - Put one's foot down (5).
 - For all time (4).
 - Bullfighter (6).
 - Literary attempts (6).
 - The highest peak (7).
 - Alm high (6).
 - Able to recover quickly (7).
 - Product of thinking people (4).
 - Man of many words (6).
 - Dye plant (4).
 - Rascally fellows (6).
 - Detected (6).
 - Not behind-time (5).
 - Lake a number of larks? (5).
 - A supporter of the pictures (5).
 - Authentic (4).

THURSDAY'S CROSSWORD—Across: 1 Swipes, 4 Basil, 7 Open boat, 8 Tenz, 9 Curate, 11 Streets, 13 Itzatta, 15 Rumpus, 16 Cullie, 19 Free ride, 20 Ranges, 21 Scheme, Down: 1 Glimpse, 2 Panda, 3 Slowest, 4 Bitter, 5 Skin deep, 6 Loose, 10 Righting, 12 Target, 13 Rocker, 14 Theft, 16 March, 17 Suede.

START HERE

DAIRYWORDS—The first word of today's puzzle is DAIRY. You have to make your way from the first word to the last word by arranging all the other words in the puzzle in such a way that each word is connected to the one next to it by one of its letters.

RULES: (1) The word may be a synonym of the word that precedes it. (2) It may be a synonym of the word that follows it. (3) It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word. (4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas. (5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction.

(Solution on Page 20)

THE TURECK TOUCH

WRITTEN to soothe the nights of an eighteenth century Russian ambassador suffering from insomnia, Bach's Goldberg Variations have since kept concert audiences the world over wide awake.

Rosalyn Tureck (HMV ALP 1548-B) shows why her playing of Bach, conducting the orchestra from the piano stool, has been filling the Festival Hall.

The 30 Variations take an hour and a half to play. They take up four record sides. But performed by Miss Tureck—a Bach specialist since her schoolroom days in Chicago—there is never any suggestion of monotony, no great is her ability to vary touch, and tone in this noble piece of music.

In contrast

Miss Tureck is almost a one-composer artist; she rarely plays anything except Bach. In contrast, Richard Tauber, the Austrian tenor who settled in England and died here 10 years ago, took a great variety of roles, shuttling between grand opera and operettas. Perhaps his favourite composer was Lahar, whose Merry Widow had a recent run at Sadler's Wells.

Now an anthology of some of his most famous operatic performances has been issued (Parlophone PMB 1011). It is disappointing. Tauber undoubtedly had an exceptionally strong and virile voice; a splendid instrument for romantic operas. But in Mozart—to which one side of this record is devoted—the ringing, thrilling tone is often obtained at the expense of smooth singing. To be recommended chiefly to those with nostalgic memories of Tauber.

A tenor who achieves smooth singing but lacks Tauber's full-blooded tone is Just Bjoerling. As the hero of Puccini's Tosca (RCA 1005-2) he is persuasive but not passionate enough for the music.

Confident

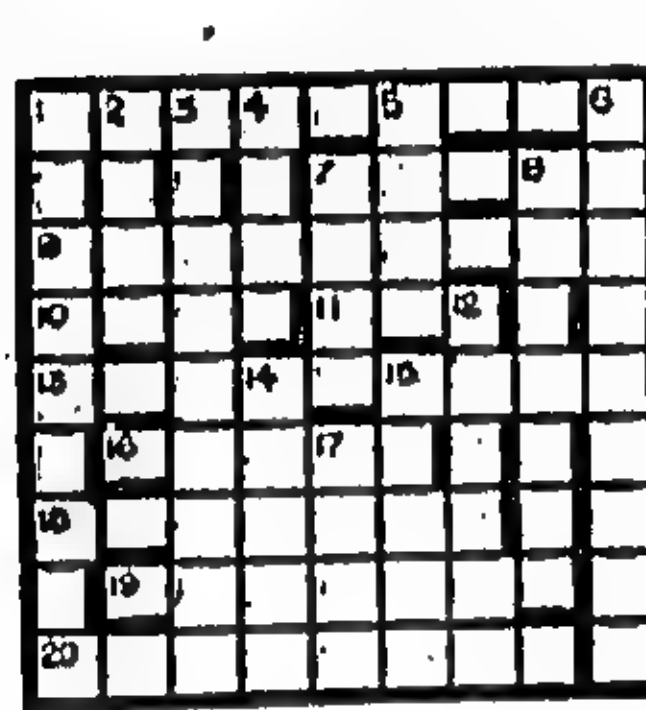
Soprano Zinka Milanov in the name part, which she sang at Covent Garden last summer, shows absolute confidence; her voice is always well controlled. Baritone Leonard Warren, as the villain of the piece, never quite suggests the oily insincerity

RECORD ROUND by HUDOLF KLEIN

and savagery of the character, despite his strong singing. Erich Leinsdorf conducts the Romy Opera House orchestra in what—despite individual weaknesses—is a thoroughly satisfactory performance of the opera.

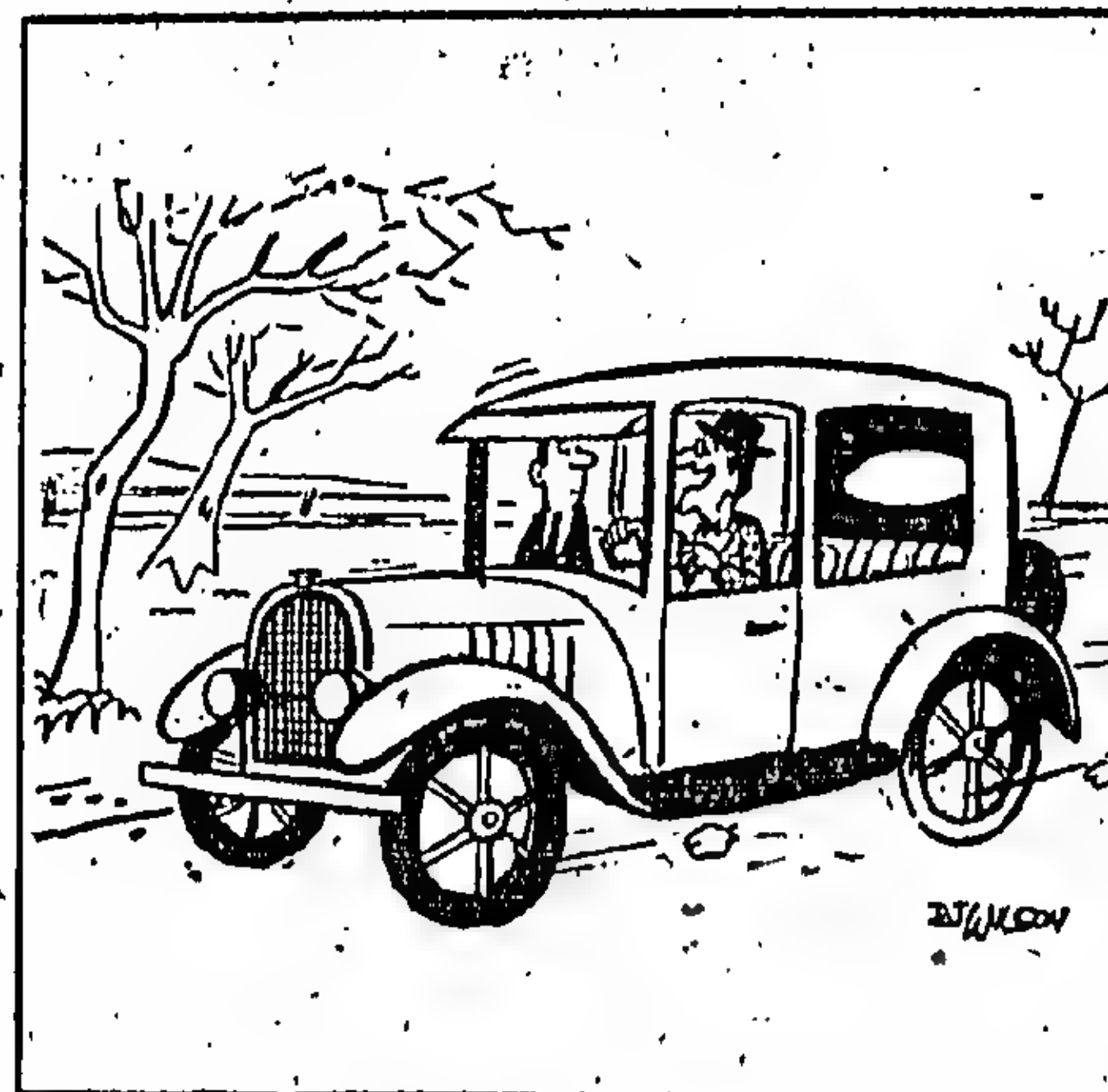
(London Express Service).

CROSSWORD



- Across**
- Holder (6).
 - House cloth (5).
 - Went back on a decision (4, 6).
 - Serpent (4).
 - Brewer's own pub (4, 6).
 - Fragment (6).
 - Month (7).
 - Honoured (7, 7).
 - For cyclists only? (4, 4).
- Down**
- Cousins and so on (9).
 - Swallow (4).
 - Turn away (4).
 - Back (6).
 - Waterproof (4).
 - Compromise (7).
 - Swiss (4).
 - Secret (6).
 - Musical (6).
 - Biblical (6).
 - Thursday's Solution

This Funny World



"... and another reason I like this car—it's paid for!"

FICTION SHELF by IVAN YATES

● **THE ENEMY IN THE BLANKET**, by Anthony Burgess, Heinemann, 15s. Another chapter in the story of the trials of Victor Crabbe in Malaya. Appointed to a headmastership, Crabbe comes under fire sexually and politically. Plenty of wit, medium dry, delicate irony; but too many lurches into farce. Supple writing and, brilliant characterisation.

● **STRANGERS' GALLERY**, by Diana Raymond, Cassell, 12s. 6d. Shadowy picture of a woman's life of unfulfilled husband who runs a house for a year in Old Hampshire. In and out of the house come curious neighbours; two wickedly well-drawn children and their grandpa; their mother and father who are also separating; and a neurotic student. After a perfunctory affair with the father the solitary tenant goes back to her husband. The whole book is confused; but parts of it are full of subtle observation.

● **MY FACE FOR THE WORLD TO SEE**, by Alfred Hayes, Gollancz, 12s. 6d. Concentrated focus on love affairs between a lonely man and a lonelier woman whom he rescues from suicidal attempt at drowning. Starkly simple writing conveys indelible air of utter ennui. But neither

character comes alive and the moral of the tale remains unclear. Attractively short.

● **THE GRAVER TRIBE**, by Edward Candy, Gollancz, 12s. 6d. Absorbing tale centred on the operating table. Fascinating emphasis on medical politics in the hospital; who will get the new Professorship? Beside this the main moral problem—should a patient's wishes always be heeded by the surgeon?—becomes secondary.

● **WALK WITH EVIL**, by Robert Wilder, W. H. Allen, 12s. 6d. Fast-moving tale of blood and sex in which Al Capone-type underworld boss scours quiet suburban town in Florida for 1,000,000 dollars. Little journalist on vacation gets on his track. After that there is no stopping the shooting, face-slapping game. Slick professional writing.

● **CRY OF THE STORM-BIRD**, by J. R. Spicer, Heinemann, 16s. First novel about life on a cattle station in the wilds of Queensland. Work; love; and friendship—all on a grand and elemental scale. Well written, unoriginal, modishly Australian.

(London Express Service).

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

Bad Bidding
Pays South

By OSWALD JACOBY

If you think crime doesn't pay occasionally take a look at today's hand.

South had a nice normal one spade bid with 14 points and a fair five-card suit. When North bid two spades South should have passed and been happy. If he felt very optimistic he might have tried three spades. As it was his jump to four spades constituted a bridge crime.

Due to good play, a very fortunate series of breaks and failure of East and West to find the killing defence he actually made his contract.

The ace of clubs won the first trick and a club was returned. South won the trick, cashed his king of hearts, led a heart to dummy's ace, ruffed a heart, led and ruffed his last club and lost dummy's last heart. East discarded a club (his best play) and South ruffed again.

Now South led a spade and as you can see by looking at all the cards the hand was home. Either East or West would have to lead a diamond to give South

NORTH 12			
♠ 10 6 4			
♥ A 7 2			
♦ J 9 3			
♣ 9 3			
WEST 10			
♠ A 3			
♥ 9 8 4 2			
♦ 10 8 4			
♣ Q J 10 7			
EAST 13			
♠ K 7			
♥ Q J 10			
♦ K 7 3			
♣ A 4 2			
SOUTH (D) 11			
♠ Q 10 8 2			
♥ K 5			
♦ A Q 6			
♣ K 8 0			
No one vulnerable			
South	West	North	East
1 ♠	2 ♠	Pass	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♠ Q			

three-diamond-tricks-or-West would have to lead a club to give South ruff and a discard. Look at all the breaks South needed to get away with his crime. Spades had to break twice, East had to hold both the ace of clubs and king of diamonds and West had to hold four hearts and the ten of diamonds. Even with all those breaks a trump opening and continuation would have beaten the hand.

CORD Spade

Q—The bidding has been:

North East South West

1 ♠ 2 ♠

2 N.T. Pass

You, South, hold:

AKQ876 ♠ A 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 J

What do you do?

A—Bid four spades. If your partner has a maximum two-trump he will bid again; otherwise four spades will be a sound contract.

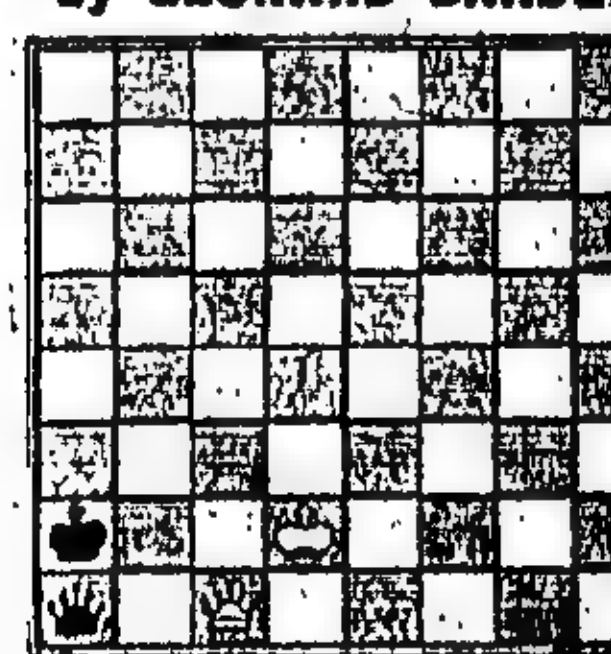
TODAY'S QUESTION

Your partner continues with a bid of four no-trump. What do you do?

Answer on Monday

CHESS

by LEONARD BARDEN



An ending from actual play.

White to move and win.

Solution No. 5378: 1. B-K3

(threat 2. B-K5) 2. K-K2 3. B-K3

4. B-K3 5. B-K3 6. B-K3 7. B-K3

8. B-K3 9. B-K3 10. B-K3 11. B-K3

12. B-K3 13. B-K3 14. B-K3 15. B-K3

16. B-K3 17. B-K3 18. B-K3 19. B-K3

20. B-K3 21. B-K3 22. B-K3 23. B-K3

24. B-K3 25. B-K3 26. B-K3 27. B-K3

28. B-K3 29. B-K3 30. B-K3 31. B-K3

32. B-K3 33. B-K3 34. B-K3 35. B-K3

36. B-K3 37. B-K3 38. B-K3 39. B-K3

40. B-K3 41. B-K3 42. B-K3 43. B-K3

44. B-K3 45. B-K3 46. B-K3 47. B-K3

48. B-K3 49. B-K3 50. B-K3 51. B-K3

52. B-K3 53. B-K3 54. B-K3 55. B-K3

56. B-K3 57. B-K3 58. B-K3 59. B-K3

60. B-K3 61. B-K3 62. B-K3 63. B-K3

64. B-K3 65. B-K3 66. B-K3 67. B-K3

68. B-K3 69. B-K3 70. B-K3 71. B-K3

72. B-K3 73. B-K3 74. B-K3 75. B-K3

76. B-K3 77. B-K3 78. B-K3 79. B-K3

80. B-K3 81. B-K3 82. B-K3 83. B-K3

84. B-K3 85. B-K3 86. B-K3 87. B-K3

88. B-K3 89. B-K3 90. B-K3 91. B-K3

92. B-K3 93. B-K3 94. B-K3 95. B-K3

96. B-K3 97. B-K3 98. B-K3 99. B-K3

100. B-K3 101. B-K3 102. B-K3 103. B-K3

104. B-K3 105. B-K3 106. B-K3 107. B-K3

108. B-K3 109. B-K3 110. B-K3 111. B-K3

112. B-K3 113. B-K3 114. B-K3 115. B-K3

116. B-K3 117. B-K3 118. B-K3 119. B-K3

120. B-K3 121. B-K3 122. B-K3 123. B-K3

124. B-K3 125. B-K3 126. B-K3 127. B-K3

128. B-K3 129. B-K3 130. B-K3 131. B-K3

132. B-K3 133. B-K3 134. B-K3 135. B-K3

136. B-K3 137. B-K3 138. B-K3 139. B-K3

140. B-K3 141. B-K3 142. B-K3 143. B-K3

144. B-K3 145. B-K3 146. B-K3 147. B-K3

148. B-K3 149. B-K3 150. B-K3 151. B-K3

152. B-K3 153. B-K3 154. B-K3 155. B-K3

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160. B-K3 161. B-K3 162. B-K3 163. B-K3

164. B-K3 165. B-K3 166. B-K3 167. B-K3

168. B-K3 169. B-K3 170. B-K3 171. B-K3

172. B-K3 173. B-K3 174. B-K3 175. B-K3

176. B-K3 177. B-K3 178. B-K3 179. B-K3

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352. B-K3 353. B-K3 354. B-K3 355. B-K3



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"FERNSEA"	14/4	14/4	"MANDEVILLE"	14/4	14/4
"FERNSEA"	14/4	14/4	"MANDEVILLE"	14/4	14/4
"FERNSEA"	14/4	14/4	"MANDEVILLE"	14/4	14/4
"FERNSEA"	14/4	14/4	"MANDEVILLE"	14/4	14/4
"FERNSEA"	14/4	14/4	"MANDEVILLE"	14/4	14/4
"FERNSEA"	14/4	14/4	"MANDEVILLE"	14/4	14/4
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FOR EUROPE

m.s. "INDIA"	Loading	24th Apr.
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The vessels carry up to 15 passengers in first class.
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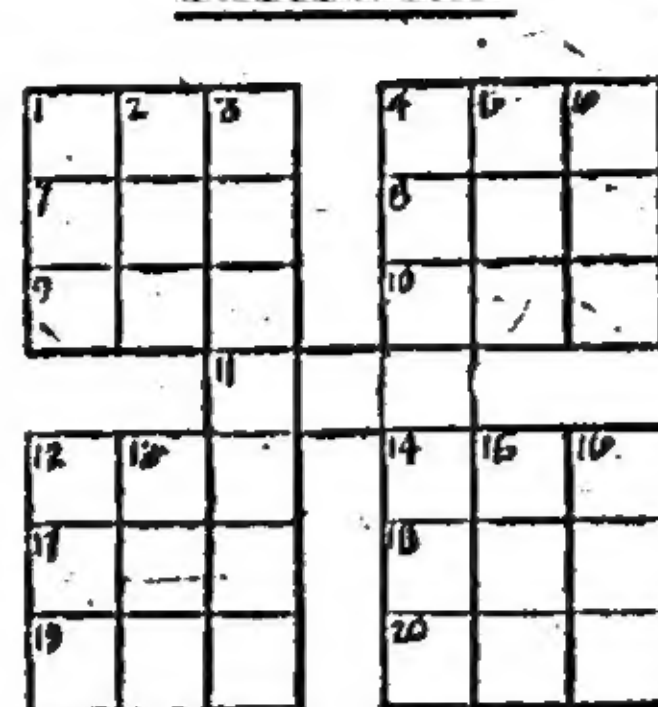
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the BOYS and GIRLS PAGE

Your Puzzle Column

CROSSWORD

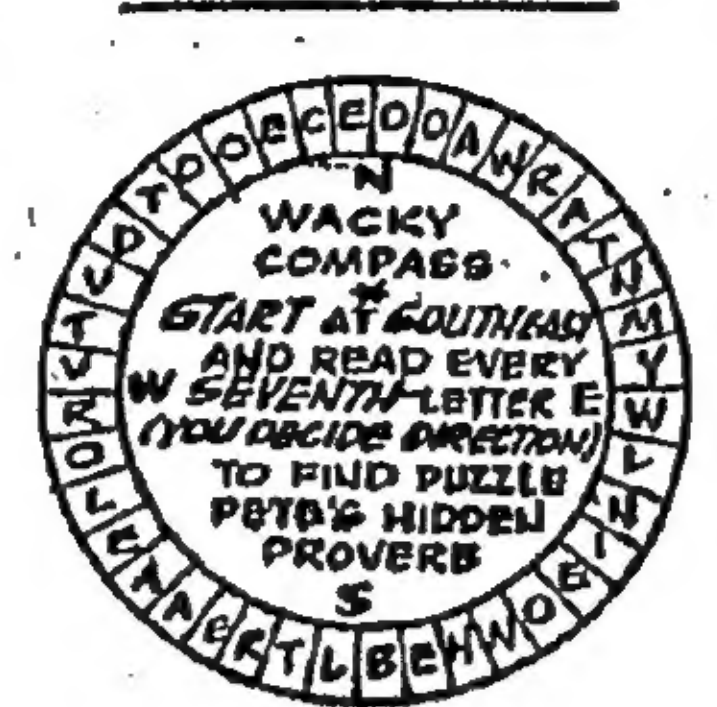


"OLD" WORDS

Each of Puzzle Pete's four words end in OLD. Can you solve them from the clues given?

- OLD (Form)
- OLD (Vended)
- OLD (Related)
- OLD (Upland plain)

WACKY COMPASS



ACROSS

- 1 Light touch
- 2 Flouet
- 3 Mineral rock
- 4 Since
- 5 Lair
- 6 Encountered
- 7 Immerse
- 8 Her
- 9 Conclusion
- 10 Ventilate
- 11 Fish eggs
- 12 Footlike part
- 13 Female saint (ab.)
- 14 DOWN

TRIANGLE

TRADERS provide a base for Puzzle Pete's word triangle. The second word is an abbreviation for "East River" (bird). "A constellation" fourth "a nail" fifth "got up" and sixth "something used to wipe off blackboards."

BEHEADINGS

Behead "an orange box" and have "proportion", behead again and have "consumed"; once more and have an abbreviation for "total expenses."

(For Answers see P. 19.)

LETTERS TO CAPTAIN HAL:

Here's A Chance To Make Some Friends

Dear Captain Hal: I am 10 years old. My hobbies are roller skating, swimming and listening to records. I am 12 years old.

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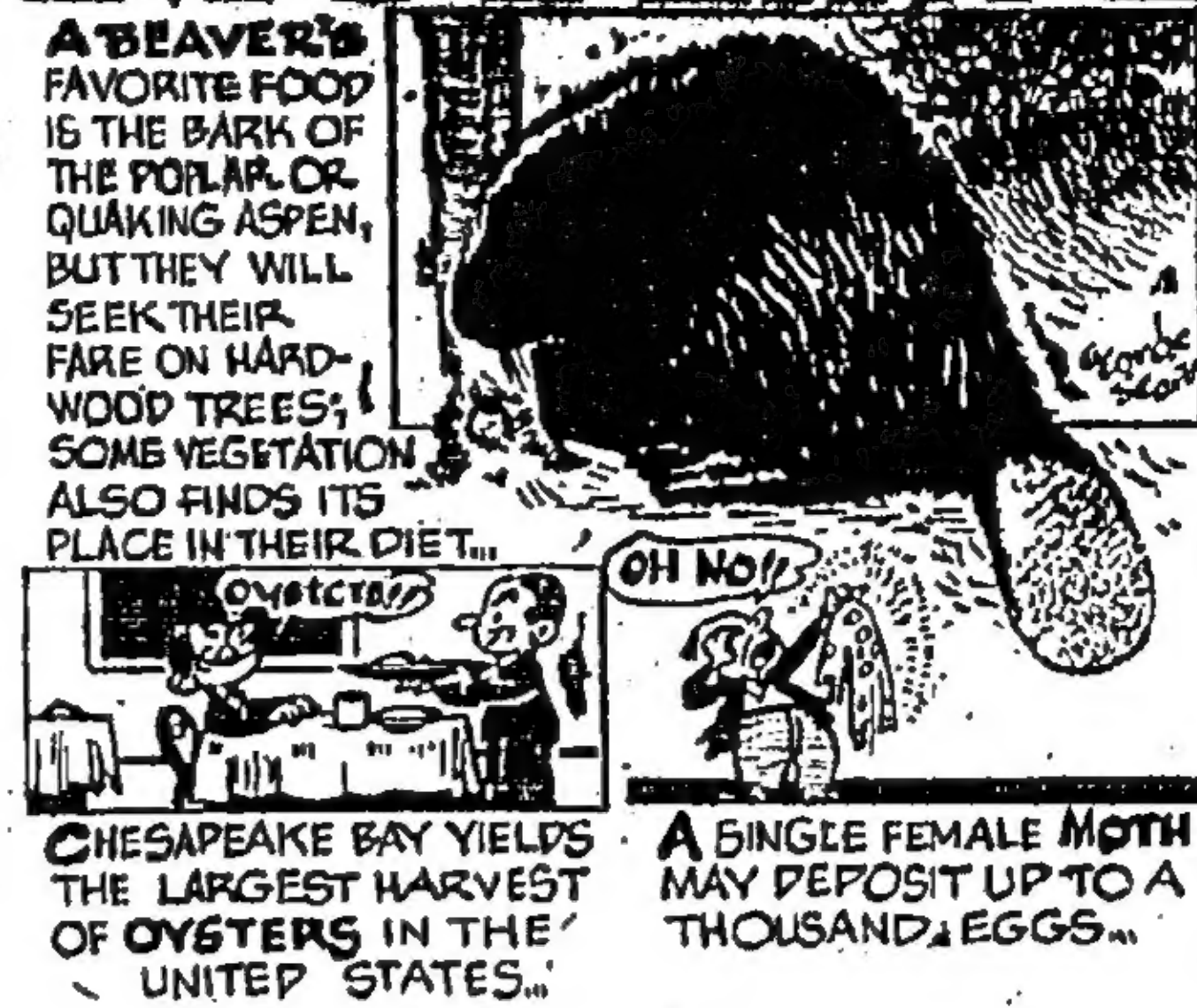
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Baron Munch Is Packing

—He's Going To Visit Friends In Bungle Land—

By MAX TRELL

KNAUF, the Shadow Boy with the Turned About Name, with his sister, Hanid, and Hiawatha, the Small-Sized Wooden Indian, rang the doorbell of their friend, Baron Munch.

Baron Munch lived in a very pretty house at the end of Book Boulevard which ran behind the bookcase between Canary Cape Corner and Curtain Lane.

A few minutes later, they were inside Baron Munch's room. They found him packing his trunk.

"I'm about to go on a long trip," he said. "I'm going to visit my friends who live in Bungle Land."

"Bungle Land?" asked Hanid in a puzzled voice.

"It's on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean," said Baron Munch, "half-way between Europe and Africa and just around the corner from Asia."

Knauf asked if Baron Munch could show them where Bungle Land was on the map.

"I'm terribly sorry," Baron Munch said. "They usually forget to put Bungle Land down on most of the maps, but it's there just the same. I'd better get on with my packing. I don't want to miss my plane."

Here Hiawatha muttered under his breath to Knauf and Hanid: "There's no such place as Bungle Land. He's making it all up."

"Sh-sh-sh," said Hanid to Hiawatha. "Sh-sh-sh! Don't tell Baron Munch's feelings."

"Why is it called Bungle Land?" Knauf asked.

"I'll tell you," said Baron Munch, as he went on with his packing. "It's because the Bunglers who live in Bungle Land, which is the principal city of Bungle Land, are always bungling things. By that I mean they are always mixing things up."

Baron Munch chuckled as he remembered some of the curious things done by his friends, the Bunglers.

"For example," he said, "when the Bunglers write a letter with pen and ink, they often stick the letters in the ink and mail the pen."

"Very foolish people," muttered Hiawatha.

"Very amazing stupid people," muttered Hiawatha.

Baron Munch chuckled again. "I suppose you might say that the Bunglers are very foolish but, just the same, they're very nice and very kind."

"When someone comes to dinner, they not only give him lots to eat, they also give him the plates, the knives, the forks and the spoons."

Knauf and Hanid and Hiawatha said good-bye to Baron Munch and wished him a very pleasant time on his visit to the Bunglers of Bungle Land. But all the way home, Hiawatha kept on muttering: "Very stupid people to plant their gardens at the bottom of a pond and to give away knives and forks and spoons when you come to dinner."

"And they build their houses on the ceilings and the ceilings on the floors which makes them walk upside down like flies. And do you know where they plant their gardens?"

Knauf and Hanid asked Baron Munch where his friends the Bunglers planted their gardens.

"They plant their gardens," Baron Munch said, "at the bottom of a pond."

"Why do they do that?" asked Hanid.

"They plant their gardens at the bottom of a pond for very bungling reasons," said Baron Munch. "They think that if a garden is planted at the bottom of a pond, they'll never have the trouble of watering it. And also they think that if their gardens are at the bottom of a pond, no one will be able to pick their flowers without jumping in and getting all wet."

"Very amazing stupid people," muttered Hiawatha.

Baron Munch chuckled again. "I suppose you might say that the Bunglers are very foolish but, just the same, they're very nice and very kind."

"When someone comes to dinner, they not only give him lots to eat, they also give him the plates, the knives, the forks and the spoons."

Knauf and Hanid and Hiawatha said good-bye to Baron Munch and wished him a very pleasant time on his visit to the Bunglers of Bungle Land. But all the way home, Hiawatha kept on muttering: "Very stupid people to plant their gardens at the bottom of a pond and to give away knives and forks and spoons when you come to dinner."

"And they build their houses on the ceilings and the ceilings on the floors which makes them walk upside down like flies. And do you know where they plant their gardens?"

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COMPANIES

PASSENGER/FREIGHT SERVICE

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Outwards	Leaves London	Due Hongkong
"CARTHAGE"	Sailed 6/3	7th April
"KAMALAH"	Sailed 12/3	14th April
"CHUSAN"	Sailed 15/3	17th April
"SALLETTE"	Sailed 20/3	24th April
"CANTON"	1st April	4th May
"SUNDA"	4th April	10th May
"SALMARA"	20th April	21st June
"CORFU"	20th April	2nd June
Homewards	Leaves Hongkong	Due London
"CARTHAGE"	11th April	12th May
"CHUSAN"	21st April	20th May
"CANTON"	2nd May	8th June
"SOMALI"	10th May	1st July
"CORFU"	6th June	8th July

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BRITISH INDIA S.N. CO., LTD.

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"SANGOLA"	due 20th Apr.	from Calcutta, Rangoon, Penang & Singapore for Japan

P. & O.B. 1. JOINT SERVICE

"ITHIA"	due 7th Apr.	from Bombay, Ceylon, Colombo & Singapore for Japan
"OZARDA"	due 10th Apr.	from Japan for Singapore, Madras, Ceylon, Colombo, Hongkong, Kanton, Shanghai & Yokohama
"ISMAILA"	due 23rd Apr.	from Rangoon, Bombay, Ceylon, Colombo & Singapore for Japan
"ITHIA"	due 7th May	from Japan for Singapore, Penang, Hongkong & Cebu
"ITOLA"	due 8th May	from Japan for Singapore, Karachi, Ceylon, Colombo, Hongkong & Cebu

EASTERN & AUSTRALIAN S.S. CO., LTD.

"EASTERN"	due 4th Apr.	from Australia for Japan
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All vessels have liberty to call at any ports on or off the route & the route & sailings are subject to change or amendment with or without notice.

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YOUR BIRTHDAY ... BY STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 5.

BORN today, you are a determined person. You want your own way. The trouble is, you don't always know exactly what you want. One instant it is one thing, the next, it is something else. Take a little more time to figure out your plan of life rather than rushing in impulsively. With you, haste often makes waste and a little more considered pause before acting will bring faster and better results.

The stars have given you a diversity of talents. You have a good business head, and while you are not interested in commerce and finance merely as a means of making money, you are more than likely to make a comfortable living at anything you undertake.

Basically, you are a peace-loving person and would much rather concede a point than fight. Yet, if goaded by someone who thinks you are an easy mark, you can burst out into a surprising show of temper. You will not be imposed upon and if someone tries pushing you around, you get your back up and push right back. And hard! You forget all about peace and harmony.

You have a magnetic personality which draws people into your orbit. You are a born leader and are happiest when others follow your lead. You do not work well under the direction of others and will be most successful in a career where you can be your own boss and go along at your own pace.

Among those born on this date were: Lord Alster, physician; Elinor Yale, English official in India; Frank R. Stockton, author; William Congreve, playwright; Algernon Charles Swinburne, poet; Spencer Tracy and Melvyn Douglas, actors; and Jones Chelkiering, manufacturer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 6

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A day to put your affairs in order. Take things a little bit easy. Follow your intuitions for the best results.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—This can be a pleasantly romantic day. Take care of confidential matters which may need your attention.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Seek peaceful diversions suitable to the day. Relax tensions and store up energies for the days to come.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Children's affairs take the lead. Spend a pleasant day in their company, outdoors if possible.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—This can be an inspirational day for you. Your Sunday devotions should give you peace and courage.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Gain inspiration from your morning devotions. This can be a day of peace and contentment for you.

BORN today, you have an acquisitive mind and are eager to know as much about as many things as is possible. In these days of radio quizzes, you probably would come out excellently, for you are able to store up bits and pieces of information for use at an appropriate time. Actually, if you intend to become outstanding in any one area, you will need to direct your talents along a definite path. Select a single objective and bend all your efforts in that direction.

You are an expert conversationalist and, with training, would make a good lecturer. You probably would enjoy teaching, for you enjoy sharing your knowledge with others. It is likely that you have artistic talent and will find that you have creative gifts. But you must learn that inspiration is only the point of departure. To develop an idea, you will need to work hard and long.

You can work hard, but you tend to lack concentration. An impulse carries you along for a while. Then, unless efforts show immediate results, you are apt to tire of the relentless grind and dash off in another direction. You need to cultivate more staying power.

Affectionate and loving, you will be happiest if wed early in life, for your real life revolves around your own home. On the other hand, wed someone who is your cultural and intellectual equal or you will become bored. You want brilliant conversation at all times!

Among those born on this date were: John Pierpont, poet; Lowell Thomas, author and newscaster; Merrill E. Gates, educator; Harry Houdini, magician; Dr. John Ruch Straton, clergyman, and J.C. Nugent, actor-manager.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 7

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—A journey combining business and social interests may prove beneficial to all concerned.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Combine intuition and tact in equal portions, then add a dash of practical common sense. All goes well with you.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—If your job is a selling one, then this is apt to be a good day for you—especially if travelling is involved.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—You can be alert and progressive today. Make necessary changes in business routine and profit from them.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If your personal security is at all in jeopardy, then take time out now to safeguard it in all possible ways.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—There are changes in the air and if you are agile, you can make proper adjustments without any difficulty.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is an active day for all your interests. Make advances in your profession. Begin a journey if one has been planned.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you are in advertising, promotion or retail merchandising, you should prosper now. Advance your interests.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—You are in the spotlight now. Be sure that your production quotient is kept high. Get recognition for your talents.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Be of assistance to those who need help. You can also map out your future plans. Help them in need.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—A good day for salesmen, especially those who travel. Make more than your average quota of sales today!

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Things are humming today. Be sure that you keep on your toes and make the most of favourable trends.

Mitsui Line

M.S. "FUYO MARU"

Arriving: 10th Apr. Sailing: 13th Apr.

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• BY • THE • WAY •

by Beachcomber

THE British Jute Trade Federation Council has questioned the jute figures recently published in this column.

While admitting the value of such attempts to do, and depicting the unreliability of jute statistics (particularly in the matter of raw jute), the Council asks whether my figures referred to white jute or to Dairny and Tossa jute. A cursory glance at the Trade Federation Report (1958) would have removed any doubt. Tossa jute (Cochorus Alimantarius) is found only in minute quantities at Tossa de Mar on the Costa Brava. As for Dairny (the native pronunciation of Dalsey (Mrs Dalsey Gabbitt, Chairman of Black Jute Products)), my figures were, I admit, last year's.

More facts about jute. It is not generally known that the word jute is derived from the Hindustani substantive, jhot. The word was adopted by English fibre-cutters in the last century in Northern India, and became jol. Hence the expression, originally applied to a lazy worker, "He doesn't care a jot." How difficult it is to prepare statistics may be gathered from the fact that jute yarn is estimated by weight in pounds per 16,327 yards. As the size and weight vary, and a fibre-yard may be anything from three feet to 17 feet, it is best to take an average before the dyeing process necessary for such things as theatrical wigs. A Wagner opera, with its gods and heroes, often uses one-sixteenth of the entire weekly jute output of Sikkim, or nearly half a day's output in Dundee.

Two points of view. "EVEN quite good shots," says a marksman, "know the exasperation of missing the target altogether." A professional knife-thrower whom I questioned on this statement, said with a smile, "That depends on

In Bridwell-street today

NO TRUCKS IN BRIDWELL STREET TODAY

ALTERNATE TRUCKS

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ESTABLISHED 1832

THE INDO-CHINA S.N. CO., LTD.

ARRIVALS FROM:	From	Due
EASTERN ARGOSEY	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	9th Apr.
EASTERN MAHI	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	10th Apr.
EASTERN QUEEN	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	13th Apr.
NEW SANG	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	14th Apr.
MIN SANG	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	21st Apr.

SAILINGS TO:	To	Due
EASTERN SAGA	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	4 p.m. 5th Apr.
TAK SANG	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	4 p.m. 6th Apr.
HOP SANG	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	10 a.m. 11th Apr.
EASTERN MAHI	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	11th Apr.
EASTERN QUEEN	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	10th Apr.
EASTERN ARGOSEY	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	22nd Apr.
MIN SANG	Yokohama, Nagoya, Yokohama, Kobe, Osaka, Japan	23rd Apr.

(Accepting Cargo on Through Bills of Lading to: KUCHING, MADRAS, PONTIANAK, SINGAPORE, KUDAT, LABAD-DATU & SEMPORNA via Sandakan, BRUNEI, KUALA BELAIT & MIRI via Labuan)

GLEN LINE, LTD.

SAILINGS TO EUROPE	From	Due
GLENVILE	Singapore, London, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, London	11th Apr.
GLENROY	Singapore, London, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, London	14th Apr.
GLENLOCH	Singapore, London, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, London	17th Apr.
DENDIGHSHIRE	Singapore, London, Rotterdam, Antwerp, Hamburg, Bremen, London	20th Apr.

(Accepting cargo for Antwerp with transshipment)

FAST SAILINGS FROM EUROPE

From Europe	Due Hong Kong	Due
GLENLOCH	Sailed 3rd Mar.	11th Apr.
DENDIGHSHIRE	Sailed 6th Mar.	14th Apr.
GLENROY	Sailed 9th Mar.	17th Apr.
GLENVILE	Sailed 12th Mar.	20th Apr.
DENDIGHSHIRE	Sailed 15th Mar.	23rd Apr.
GLENROY	Sailed 18th Mar.	26th Apr.
GLENVILE	Sailed 21st Mar.	29th Apr.

Liberty is reserved to proceed via the Suez Canal or the Cape of Good Hope.

PRINCE LINE, LTD.

SAILINGS FROM UNITED STATES			
	<u>Leave U.S.A.</u>	<u>Arrive H.K.</u>	<u>Ball</u>
MALAYAN PRINCE	1th Apr.	30th Apr.	30th Apr.
SAILINGS TO CANADA & UNITED STATES			
JAVANESE PRINCE	Cochin, India, Montreal, Saint John, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Newport News, Hampton Roads & Charleston via Suez		12th Apr.

STATES STEAMSHIP COMPANY

SAILINGS TO SAN FRANCISCO & LOS ANGELES	Due H.K.	Due	Due S.F.
G. E. DANT (MARINER)	8th Apr.	6th Apr.	24th Apr.
W. E. DANT (MARINER)	10th Apr.	8th Apr.	26th Apr.
M. E. DANT (MARINER)	12th Apr.	10th Apr.	28th Apr.

(Accepting cargo for Kobe, Nagoya & Yokohama)

SAILINGS TO SEATTLE, VANCOUVER, LONGVIEW, PORTLAND, SAN FRANCISCO & LOS ANGELES

Due H.K.	Due	Due
ORFORD	10th Apr.	10th Apr.
WASHINGTON	11th May	1

(Other Services arranged at a
time by request.)